

The Campion



REGINA

1926

THE CAMPION

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS OF CAMPION
COLLEGE



REGINA, SASK.

1926

VOL. 2

The Champion Advertisers

Readers are earnestly requested to refer to this list before purchasing and to patronize our Advertisers.

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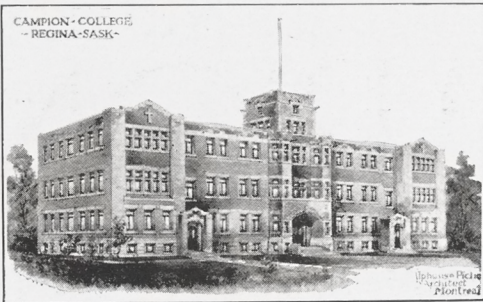
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PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS AND MENTION "THE CAMPION"



CAMPION COLLEGE

REGINA : SASKATCHEWAN

Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers

LOCATION—

The College is situated in Lakeview, the finest part of Regina, immediately to the south of the Parliament Buildings.

BUILDINGS—

The buildings, erected only four years ago, are thoroughly fire-proof and up-to-date in every respect. A new fire-proof wing was added two years ago, nearly doubling the capacity of the college; it furnished increased dormitory space, besides containing a splendid new chapel, a spacious well-lighted study hall and a magnificent recreation hall, which occupies the entire first floor of the new wing. In the infirmary of the College those who are ill receive special attention.

GROUNDS—

A fifteen-acre campus provides ample facilities for athletics of all kinds. Baseball, rugby, tennis and basketball are popular sports. Skating and hockey are well provided for on the college rink 180 feet by 90 feet. Three times a week there are classes in physical training and boxing.

COURSES—

The College provides Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Grades, as well as the complete College Course. The Eleventh Grade represents Junior Matriculation, and the Twelfth, Senior Matriculation, that is, First Year Arts. By a privilege granted by the Saskatchewan University, the College provides Second Year Arts. The Third and Fourth Year Arts are devoted to a thorough Catholic Philosophy Course, at the successful conclusion of which the B.A. degree is granted by Manitoba University.

ENTRANCE—

No student is admitted who has not successfully completed the Eighth Grade. Applicants who have been at other boarding schools will be required to furnish testimonial letters.

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Resident Students: For tuition, board, lodging and washing, \$360.00 per school year. *Day Students:* \$50.00 per school year. Payments strictly in advance in three instalments as follows: September 1st \$140.00; January 1st \$110.00; April 1st \$110.00. No deduction is made for less than one month's absence on account of sickness, and no reduction will be made for early closing in Arts' Course.

For information address:

Reverend G. F. Bradley S.J., Rector, Campion College
Regina : Sask.

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS AND MENTION "THE CAMPION"

The CAMPION

*Published by the Students of
Campion College Regina*

1926

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Alma Mater



Must I, dear Mother, lose thy fost'ring care?

What hosts of mem'ries sweet within me rise,
As to the vanish'd years I turn my eyes,
And ponder on thy stores of lessons rare,
In honor, manhood,—every virtue fair!

For now the path of life before me lies,
Which I must tread without thy guidance wise,
And still my actions with thy teachings square.

That path may lead to dangers yet unknown;
The dawn of youth's bright hopes may clouded be,
Yet shall thy counsels past e'er hold me right,
And through life's storms I shall not fare alone:
For from afar e'er shall I cleave to thee,
Till I behold at last th' Eternal Light.

LEONARD KUSCH, '26.

Scholastic Philosophy

WHAT is Philosophy? It is a knowledge of things through their absolutely final causes. It is a positive science, dealing not with vague and poetic speculations, but with clear truths. Again, it is the quest of the ultimate why and wherefore of all things. The chemist reduces the various products in his laboratory to their component molecules, atoms and electrons. The biologist finds that the human body is composed of millions and millions of tiny cells, each with its nucleus and its protoplasm. The physicist declares that the various natural phenomena that he chances to observe are caused by certain physical laws such as those of gravity and motion. But beyond these discoveries none of them have advanced. Beyond is the realm of theory, hypothesis, conjecture. It remains for Philosophy to penetrate still further, to ascertain the origin of those physical laws by which the world about us moves and has its being. It goes further still: it ponders over the mysterious workings of the human soul, always bent upon seeking the ultimate reasons and causes of everything it there beholds. Nay, more, it mounts still higher until at last it reaches the absolutely Final Cause and with trembling hand points out the qualities and attributes of the Eternal God Himself.

Throughout the ages, there have been all kinds of Philosophies propounded, some, marvels of logic and close reasoning, others, weird and fantastic, such as the Metempsychosis of Pythagoras, who teaches that the soul after death enters the body of a nobler or viler animal according to its deserts. There is also the Hedonistic and Epicurean doctrine of pleasure, regarding this as the chief aim of life, and the "Scepticism" of Pyrrho, an attitude of universal doubt—"Do I exist?" The sceptic's reply would be:

"Perhaps. I have no right to say whether I do or do not exist."

However, one thing is clear. Amid all these philosophical systems, each with its throng of adherents, only one can be the true Philosophy. "Error multiplex, sed veritas una." Error is manifold, but truth is one. The others must necessarily be wrong, in part or entirely so.

There is an evident danger to these false systems. However weird or complicated they may be, men have followed them and shaped their lives according to the false principles laid down in them. Of their very nature, they must lead their followers away from God, the Eternal Truth. They bring in their wake misfortune, unhappiness, despair.

In his Encyclical on the Study of Scholastic Philosophy, Pope Leo XIII points out the disastrous effects of these erroneous doctrines. "Whosoever turns his attention," he writes, "to the bitter strifes of these days and seeks a reason for the troubles that vex public and private life, must come to the conclusion that a fruitful cause of the evils which now afflict, as well as of those which threaten us, lies in this: that false conclusions concerning divine and human things, which originated in the schools of philosophy, have crept into all the orders of the State, and have been accepted by the common consent of the masses."

We have only to look about us to recognize the truth of these words of the illustrious Pontiff. Socialism, for instance, Communism and Bolshevism, are systems basically false. What the practical application of these systems has done to Russia is only too well known. The social unrest which these and other false Philosophies have caused in various parts of the world is now so prevalent that it is almost commonplace to speak of it.

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But what makes these Philosophies even more dangerous is the insidiousness with which their doctrines are spread upon every side. Our current literature is often steeped in erroneous ideas so skilfully propounded that the reader does not recognize their untruth. We hear these same ideas voiced and see them practised by men who have little notion of the wrong principles which they involve, who often have no knowledge of what the word "Philosophy" means.

What is therefore needed is a sound Philosophy, since, whether they know it or not, men are universally guided by some philosophical system, and since there are so many false Philosophies to lead them astray.

Scholastic Philosophy supplies this need. Its principles are based upon reason and common sense, while its reasonings are guided by the light of the true Faith. Its principles were laid down by one of the greatest intellects the world has ever known—Aristotle. They were applied by the early Fathers of the Church, whose teachings were co-ordinated and perfected by another master mind, St. Thomas Aquinas, the chief and master of the Scholastic Philosophers.

No one has ever succeeded in overthrowing the principles of this Philosophy, for they are so clear and so sound that even the unlettered can perceive that they are true. The Church has again and again approved of Scholastic Philosophy, and in the Encyclical quoted above, Leo XIII urges and encourages its study by Catholics the world over.

Briefly, these are the fruits which a conscientious study of Scholastic Philosophy never fails to produce. It points out the *truth* in matters pertaining to this world of ours, to man, to his immortal soul, and to Almighty God. The methods of this system are such that they enable the student deftly and surely to distinguish the true from the false, to unmask error subtly disguised under the sem-

blance of truth. These methods are an education in themselves. The student who has learned to apply them derives an intellectual training which will be of immense service to him in whatever business or profession he may choose to follow. When discussing any given subject, the Scholastic marshals all his data in an orderly array, and determines the meaning of each preliminary assertion, even of each word if it be necessary. Then he sets out to prove his own statement or to disprove an opposing one by means of syllogisms. These are an inexorable form of argumentation which no error can resist, for every flaw, every ambiguous phrase is thereby pitilessly exposed to the searching light of reason and of truth. Whoever masters this system of reasoning acquires a breadth and a depth of view that will serve him at every step in later life. The syllogistic form of argumentation develops in him a clear, logical mind that will bring him to the fore among any group of his fellow men.

This is Scholastic Philosophy as taught in the last two years of the course at Campion College. These are the results it aims to produce in every student who undertakes it. So, without having neglected those studies in history and science which are needed to complete his classical course, the student who has followed these two years of Philosophy leaves Campion with a sure knowledge of his religious, his ethical, and his social duties, and with a trained mind which will inevitably prove one of his greatest assets in the years that lie before him.

We can find no better conclusion than that of the above-quoted Encyclical of Pope Leo on the Study of Catholic philosophy.

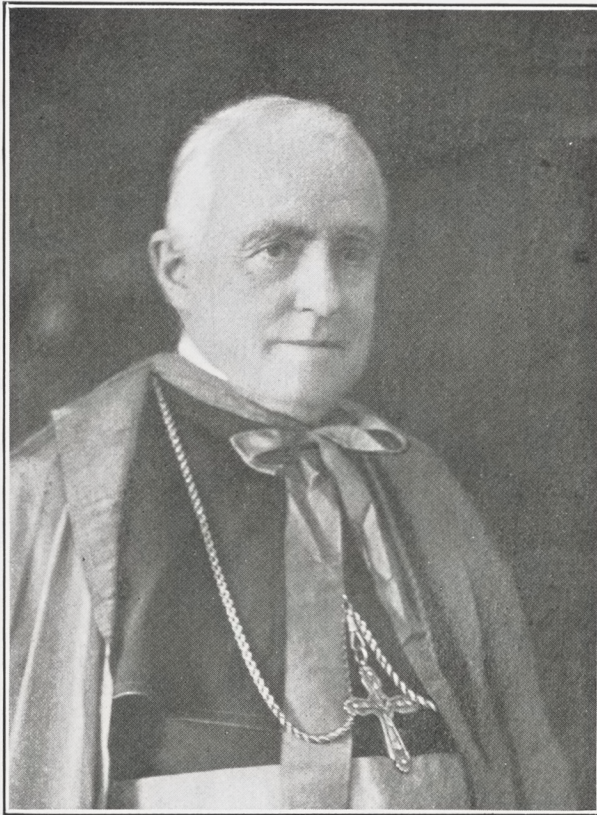
"We exhort you, Venerable Brethren, in all earnestness to restore the golden wisdom of St. Thomas, and to spread it far and wide for the defence and beauty of the Catholic Faith, for the good of society, and for the advantage of all the

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sciences. * * * Let carefully selected teachers endeavor to implant the doctrine of Thomas Aquinas in the minds of students, and set forth clearly his solidity and excellence over others. Let the academies already founded or to be founded by you illustrate and defend this doctrine, and use it for the refutation of prevailing errors. But, lest the false for the true or the corrupt for the pure be drunk in, be ye watchful that the

doctrine of Thomas be drawn from his own fountains, or at least from those rivulets which, derived from the very fount, have thus far flowed, according to the established agreement of learned men, pure and clear; be careful to guard the minds of youth from those which are said to flow thence, but in reality are gathered from strange and unwholesome streams."

Herman Hengen, '27.



MOST REV. O. E. MATHIEU, D.D.
Archbishop of Regina

THE CAMPION

*Address all communications to The Campion, Regina, Saskatchewan.
Terms, one dollar the copy*

1926

REGINA, CANADA

No. 2

Editorial

IT is with mingled feelings of diffidence and encouragement that we present this, the second number of "The Campion." The hearty welcome accorded its first appearance and the many sincere and favorable criticisms received from competent sources lead us to hope that this second volume will be greeted with the same friendly good-will. Yet it is the very success of our first venture which leaves us somewhat fearful of the reception in store for our second attempt. The standard set by last year's staff is one difficult of attainment; we cannot this year hope to surpass it. Nevertheless, we rely upon that same kindly feeling which welcomed the first "Campion," and we trust that our friends will view with a tolerant eye those defects which only too well we know to exist in the present edition.

We have been exceedingly gratified to perceive that even in the first year of its existence, our Review has in a large measure realized its aim. Not only has it called forth among the present student body a keener zest for literary effort, but it has brought the Alumni into closer touch with their College, and has been instrumental in reviving and fostering that spirit of mutual interest which will be increasingly beneficent to both as the years go by. It is therefore our confident hope that former and present students of Campion College will continue to show the same attachment to

our publication and to their Alma Mater, of which it is the official organ.

THE ANNUAL RETREAT

The annual Retreat for the boys was preached this year by Rev. Fr. W. McManus S.J. The usual fruits of a good retreat were everywhere evident, probably in a more marked manner than in previous years, due to the mild, yet convincing character of Fr. McManus's conferences. "Campion expects every boy to do his duty," was chosen as the motto of the Retreat. That every boy did do his duty was apparent from the spirit of piety and recollection which prevailed throughout the entire three days.

LAY RETREAT

On another page the reader will find an explanation of the nature and the importance of closed Retreats for Laymen, together with an account of the first Retreat of this kind to be preached in Saskatchewan. This year there will be a similar one at Campion College, beginning on the evening of September 3rd, and closing in the morning of September 7th. This Retreat will be held under the auspices of the Hugonard Assembly of the Fourth Degree of the Knights of Columbus. Every one, whether he be a Knight or not, will be heartily welcome. It is hoped that the

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coming Retreat will be even more successful than that of last year, and it is the earnest desire of those in charge that all who were present last year will be able to attend again this September, along with many more who are desirous of benefiting by the incalculable advantages which these few days of recollection offer to every Catholic man. It will be noted that the period of Retreat includes both Sunday and Labor Day, thereby making it more convenient for the Retreatants to leave aside their business interests in order to retire for a short while from all worldly affairs.

SNAPSHOT CONTEST

It is the intention of "The Campion" to hold, during the next school year, a snapshot contest, which will be open to every student of Campion College. We consider amateur photography to be not merely a pleasant pastime, but an excellent means as well of cultivating a taste for the artistic and the beautiful. In order therefore to encourage all amateurs to make proper and intelligent use of their cameras, we propose to offer three handsome prizes to those students who submit to us the most perfect photographs. Honorable mention will be granted to those next in order of merit, and the most satisfactory snapshots will be published in "The Campion." We wish these pictures to have some connection with the college, such as sport scenes, typical scenes of college life, grave or gay, etc., etc. Every picture will be carefully examined by competent judges, who will consider not only the general effect, but also the choice of subject, the artistic combination of lights and shadows, of persons and objects photographed, and finally, the clearness and finish of the print itself. In this contest, it is not our desire to urge our amateurs to expensive and prolific photography. Rather would we have them use their cameras sparingly, but be ever on the lookout for opportunities of taking really worth while pictures.

THE ORCHESTRA

During the past year, the Orchestra has struggled against many handicaps. Several of its best players are no longer at the College, and the different parts have never before played together. However, the Orchestra has enjoyed all the popularity acquired in previous years. For several concerts at the Holy Rosary Cathedral Hall, it provided the music and it also furnished part of the entertainment at several "Men's Smokers" and a Thanksgiving Dinner at the same Hall.

OUR FIRST GRADUATES

With the conferring of the Degree of Bachelor of Arts upon our first graduates, another mile-stone has been reached in the history of Campion College. From the little group of six boys who studied the rudiments of the Classics in the basement of Holy Rosary Cathedral, it is a far cry to the Commencement Exercises which will be held in the present College on May 27th. In the intervening lapse of time, a complete classical course has been established at Campion. From now on, young men will go forth each year, fully trained, ready to begin the immediate studies of any profession or career, and equipped with a knowledge of their religion and of Christian Ethics, thanks to which they will be able to maintain that high standard expected of them as citizens and as Catholics. Both of our graduates are residents of Regina, and we confidently look forward to the time when an ever increasing number of young men from all corners of the Province will leave our institution to join these two, the vanguard of Campion's graduates.

INCREASE IN STUDENTS AT CAMPION

This year the number of our resident students shows an increase of about twenty per cent. More and more throughout the West, Catholics are awakening to a realization of the need and

THE CAMPION

importance of a solid education which will prepare their children, whatever their future occupations may be, to live up to the lofty ideals which the Church has set for her sons. Yet, side by side with this gratifying fact, we must record a notable falling off of non-resident students. The reason for this may be that there are still some Catholic families in Regina who are willing to neglect the religious welfare of their children, rather than incur the extra expense which a course like ours must of necessity entail. Again, it may in some cases be accounted for by the location of the College, which is less conveniently reached than other institutions more in the center of the city. Thanks to our City Council, however, the Street Railway Company has now a constant service of cars running out every day as far as the College, and this objection has been effectively removed.

OUR ADVERTISERS

The success of "The Campion" is in a large measure due to our advertisers. Had it not been for their generosity, it would have been impossible to publish anything so elaborate as we have striven to render our little magazine. We therefore ask our friends to favor our advertisers with the same loyalty which they have shown to the College and the Review itself. On the pages devoted to this purpose, our readers will find advertised almost every imaginable article of necessity or convenience. By extending their patronage to those firms who have so materially assisted us in our work, they will be dealing with houses of most reputable standing and they will be encouraging our advertisers to continue in the future the generous support they have so far granted us.

OUR BENEFACTORS

At the beginning of our list of benefactors, we should like to acknowledge again the generosity and foresight of two gentlemen of Regina, who prefer to remain anonymous, and who, years ago, at great personal sacrifice, set aside several blocks of land in this city, to serve as a help in the establishing of the future Catholic College of Regina. We should like to assure them of our enduring gratitude and remembrance.

Campion College wishes to express its gratitude towards the following benefactors:

Most Reverend O. E. Mathieu, D.D.; Very Reverend J. Milway Filion, S.J.; Msgr. Marois; Rev. W. McManus, S.J.; Rev. R. Rankin; Rev. T. P. Conroy; Rev. P. Méry, S.J.; Rev. Ed. O'Gara, S.J.; the late Mr. J. J. Bradley; Mrs. F.

Moynihan; Mr. Thos. J. Edwards; Mr. A. G. MacKinnon; Mr. J. P. O'Leary; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Killorin; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hay; the late Dr. C. Paradis; Mr. F. Kloepper; Mr. M. Wylie; Mr. F. J. Clarke; Dr. Laurent Roy; Mrs. Dr. C. Paradis; the Regina and the Moose Jaw Councils of the Knights of Columbus; the Hugonard Assembly of Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus; Hon. Dr. Uhrich; Mr. J. Lee; Mr. J. A. Fraser; Mr. W. S. Windeatt; Mr. N. André; Mr. F. Moynihan; Mr. J. J. Sullivan; Mr. Thos. Keyes; Mr. Ed. Malone; Mr. J. J. Smith; Mr. Thos. Molloy; Mr. E. Collins; Mr. G. Dawson; Mr. W. McDonald; Dr. W. J. Mooney; Mr. Jos. Campbell; M. J. Bruton; the late Miss M. A. Bradley; Mr. J. P. Bradley, and others.

College Spirit and College Loyalty



OFTEN do we read of professional men, of financiers and of men in every walk of life, the alumni of some college or University, who have gathered together to do honor to their Alma Mater. Amid rousing cheers they sing her praises in tones of vibrant emotion. Whenever these men assemble thus, for the nonce they become boys again as they recall with enthusiasm the happy times passed in those haunts they now revisit.

The uninitiated may wonder. They may ask why these men so love their Alma Mater. It is because she is to them a symbol of all that was bright and good in the days of their youth. There, in the class-room and on the field of sport, they received that training which has fitly armed them for life's battle. They remember their college not merely as a temporary dwelling-place, but as a second home where they, as members of one big family, shared in and helped to perpetuate the traditions inherited from past generations. But pervading all this, there runs in the veins of each of them a spirit of love for the old place itself, of loyalty to their Alma Mater because she is their Alma Mater.

Perhaps they only dimly sensed this during their college days. At times they may have abhorred the drear monotony of school routine. At times they may have rebelled against the irksome yoke of discipline. But even then, even on the bleakest days of college life, there dwelt within them an intangible something which bade them cleave to that place they affected to call their prison. Even when discontent embittered their thoughts, deep in their hearts was another feeling which gave the lie to the dark mood of the moment. Even when they may have spoken of their college in terms of caustic criticism, they felt a

dim subconscious pride that would have roused them to angry resentment against the stranger who would cast in their presence the least slur on their Alma Mater.

Now, time has mellowed their recollections. Viewed in perspective, the little disagreeable things have disappeared and only the great and lasting ones remain: the lessons of honor, the casting of their wills in duty's stern mould, the masters who were their friends and their guides. They realize now that the vague impulse which made them proud of their Alma Mater, which prompted them to stand up in her defence, was indeed something very real, something which has attached them to their college and its ideals by ties which time may have weakened, but which it cannot wholly sever. It was the spirit of other generations, born of gratitude, fostered by affection, and handed down by tradition from year to year. It was the spirit of loyalty. It was the college spirit.

Does this college spirit exist at Campion? Most assuredly it does. No college worthy of the name can carry on if those who dwell beneath its roof are not imbued with this sentiment of affection and loyalty. Without it, college becomes a jail and the students assume something of the character of a prison's inmates. Without it, education is hampered and the formation of the true college man becomes an almost impossible task. Such conditions certainly do not obtain at Campion. Were anyone to tax us with their existence here, we should most indignantly deny it. And that very indignation would prove that there is at Campion a genuine college spirit.

Nevertheless, Campion is young. Her traditions as yet are few and recent. We have not the example of past generations, we have not their traditions of esteem and gratitude, we have none of

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these to bring home to us what our college really is, what its name, "Alma Mater," signifies. All this we have learned for ourselves and we have endeavored to act accordingly. We have striven to show our appreciation of the good that is done us and to co-operate in the work of our education.

But there remains for us another duty to fulfil, a duty towards our College and towards those who will come to Campion when we have left. We are to foster and increase among us the spirit of loyalty for our College, because of what it really is to us, because it is our Alma Mater. We must leave behind us the tradition of a strong college spirit, that spirit which counts for so much in the formation of a genuine college man.

This we can do everywhere and at all times. In our sports, by teamwork instead of individual playing, for the success of the team, for the college honor we are defending. In class and study, by our serious application, not only for our own advancement, but for our classmates' benefit, that they may not be delayed by the boring repetition of things taught weeks before. Everywhere, by

our respect for discipline, not out of fear of punishment, but that the whole college may run smoothly—a few harmless pranks, no doubt, but never a spirit of mean opposition. On all occasions, by our readiness to carry on, to take upon ourselves some extra burden that good may come to all, and by our cheerful promptness to make any little sacrifice for our companions or for our Alma Mater.

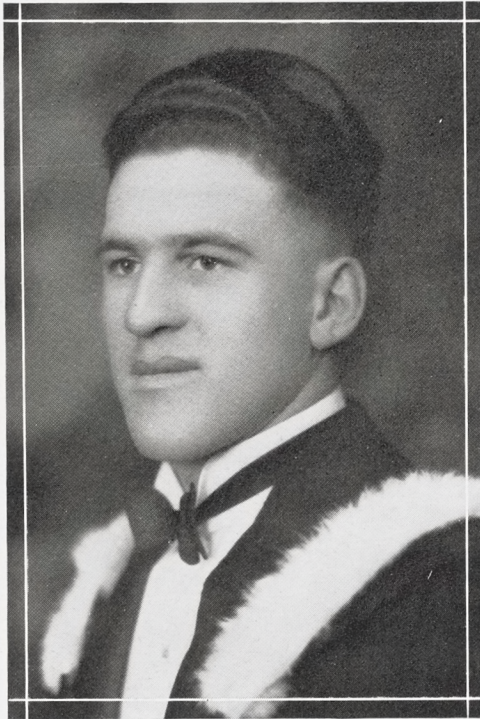
To do all this is to show our college spirit. It is easy to do, easier than to work—or not to work—merely for one's own self. It is easy to remember that what makes our College what it is, is not its bare walls of brick and stone, but the people who live within them, the people who form with ourselves one big family of which we are each an integral part. The more we remember this and the more we make it influence our lives and actions here, the more vigor will our college spirit gain. The stronger our college spirit grows, the more useful and the more gratifying will be the result of the years that we spend with our Alma Mater.

Sinnot Macdonald, '28.



CAMPION COLLEGE

Our Graduates



Orville E. Kritzwiser, B.A.

Orville, or "Kritz," as he is better known, returned to the fold last September to spend his final year among us. His course, begun at Campion, continued at St. Boniface, and completed at Campion, is replete with successes of every kind, in the class-room as well as on the campus-ground. Rugby, a favorite pastime, finds in Kritz one of the most brilliant half-backs in Western Canada. His position as a star on the famous "Pat" rugby team, Dominion finalists in Montreal, well proves his worth. In hockey and baseball he must not be overlooked, though not quite as stellar in these as in the former.

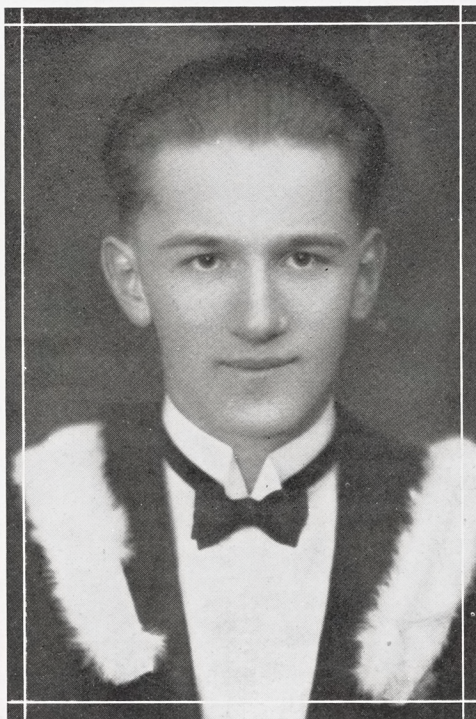
His work in the last four years in Arts brought him three scholarships and throughout this whole period his class standing has always been far above the average.

No matter where, when, and how we search, we can find only one failing in Kritz, and that is his peculiar fondness for the "Prisoner's Song." From this appears a tiny flaw in Kritz's character—he has no consideration for others. This, however, may be overcome when the song ages—too much.

He has made mention of the medical profession, and if this should be his choice, we can safely say that his talent and his ambitions will take him among the "bright lights" of that profession.

Campion can certainly feel proud of Kritz, not so much because he is one of our first graduates, an honor in itself, but because of his pleasing personality, his ready smile, and last but not least, his strength of character—a character which will distinguish him as a real man in any walk of life.

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Leonard D. Kusch, B.A.

Leonard, who makes up the other half of Campion's first graduating class, also hails from St. Boniface College. Yet Leo, far from being a stranger, must quite rightly be classed among the members of the "old guard," having been here for the first three years of Campion's existence.

His chief delight is propounding difficult objections in philosophy. Last fall saw him do creditably on the half-line in rugby. In hockey he camouflages as a goal-keeper, but we feel assured that Leo is not a goal-keeper. The only failings that he possesses are music in general and "Doodle Doo Doo" in

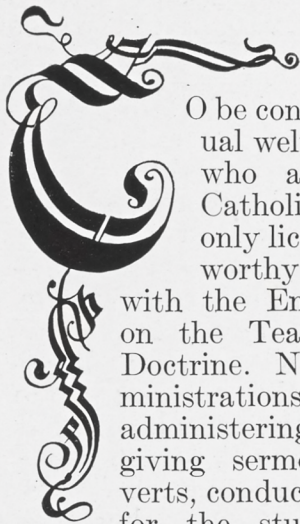
particular. His position as organist in the sodality is proof patent of his musical tendencies.

Leo's administration as President of the first Philosopher's Club of Campion College gives one an insight into his managerial ability and his election by his companions to this post shows in what esteem he is held by them.

His ambitions, though not voiced outright, seem to tend towards the field of engineering—most likely in far off South America. Well, Leo, we wish you success in every way, shape and form, and you can feel assured that all Campion is behind you.

John Hoeschen, '27.

Catholic Foundations and Canon Law



O be concerned for the spiritual welfare of the Catholics who are attending non-Catholic Universities is not only licit, but highly praiseworthy and in accordance with the Encyclical of Pius X on the Teaching of Christian Doctrine. No one objects to the ministrations of a zealous priest, administering the Sacraments, giving sermons, teaching converts, conducting religious classes for the students, encouraging them in personal interviews and laboring zealously from morning to night to counteract the baneful influence of the non-Catholic and sometimes anti-Catholic instruction and social atmosphere. By all means let us do what we can to save some planks from the wreckage.

But when a chaplaincy is used as propaganda for the State University, when Catholics are lured to the "Great State University," the "great pivotal, crucial, strategic centre of the educational life of the State" by a chaplain's sermons and pamphlets, when the State University plus a Catholic Foundation is held up as the "ideal solution" of our higher educational problems, when the chaplain repeats with ever-increasing clearness and emphasis that if the Church in America could get rid of her Universities and educate her children at State Universities with a few hours of religious instruction thrown in on the side—when that happens, it becomes a duty "to speak sound doctrine on this subject, precisely as the Holy See announces it. It is a betrayal of God's sacred cause to neglect this duty."

Catholics who see in the Illinois Foundation plan nothing more than a zealous

effort to make the best of a bad situation, an effort similar to the work of the Catholic Instruction League for the unfortunate children of the public schools—are doomed to a painful disillusionment. The Catholic Foundation, as understood by Doctor O'Brien, is not merely a remedial measure, an attempt to save the souls of the Catholic students while discouraging their attendance at non-Catholic colleges. Doctor O'Brien does not look upon the attendance of Catholics at non-Catholic colleges as having a bare *tolerari potest*, a concession on the part of the Holy See to the fact that there are still some courses not offered by Catholic colleges. It is no part of his plan to make merely temporary provision for the Catholics at State Universities while devoting the major part of our energy to the perfecting of Catholic colleges and Universities. No, in spite of his repeated protestations of affection for the Catholic college, he is in principle and in act opposed to Catholic Universities as we now have them and frankly affirms that the Church would be the gainer if she could replace them with Catholic Foundations at State Universities.

Standing before the State convention of the Knights of Columbus at Springfield, Illinois, on May 12, 1925, Doctor O'Brien enunciated his philosophy of education in no obscure or ambiguous terms. He said: "If another agency (the State) will relieve her (the Church) of the heavy burden of teaching these technical, industrial subjects, and an arrangement can be made at the same time whereby the Church can impart thorough systematic courses in religion to these students, the Church has gained, not lost" (pp. 6 and 7 of the printed address).

Among the subjects which the Church had better get rid of are mentioned

specifically physics, chemistry, mathematics, engineering and agriculture, but all the collegiate and professional branches are meant, as will appear from the following facts: (1) Doctor O'Brien gives as his reason for his stand the argument that the formal teaching of religion is the sole business of the Church. Hence it follows that biology, the languages, sociology, history and all other branches are ruled out for the same reason as mathematics and physics, viz., they are not formal religion courses; (2) Doctor O'Brien offers his plan as the solution of the problem of training lay apostles. He holds up the Catholics at Illinois as representing "the potential leadership of the Church in this commonwealth" and after stating that "thoroughly trained in literature and the arts, disciplined in the sciences, these young men will be our lawyers, our doctors, our legislators, our teachers, our editors, and our industrial experts," he says: "Where, I ask, is that scholarly leadership which will champion the cause of the Church and defend her in every crisis * * * to be found, if not among her (Illinois University's) students, trained at the outstanding educational center of the State? Yes, trained leadership for the Church is to be obtained here in rich abundance—provided we do our part," i.e., erect a Foundation; (3) Doctor O'Brien's literature and Foundation appeal to students of all branches without exception and no provision is made in his plan for eliminating those who have no adequate reason for being at the State University. Rather, the contrary is true.

Thus we see that, according to Doctor O'Brien, the ideal place for a Catholic student to be is in a State University with a Foundation attached. Let us now dig a little deeper.

"Catholic education does not mean the teaching of physics or chemistry or mathematics by the Church. Catholic education consists essentially in the teaching of Catholic religion. Remove this

from the curriculum of the Catholic college and you would have but secular education. Instill that into the secular curriculum and you preserve the essential feature of Catholic education. That is why the *Catholic Foundation constitutes the heart of Catholic education*" (page 6, printed address. Author's italics).

Do we realize what that means? Let us ponder it well for it is the principal argument by which the Illinois Foundation has been promoted. If it is sound, then we must logically abandon our schools of medicine, dentistry, law, commerce, engineering, journalism, music, nursing, sociology and even our colleges of arts and science. We are wasting our money and the Religious Orders are all spending themselves on a foolish cause, for Wisconsin, Chicago, Columbia, California, Texas, and all the other non-Catholic Universities could be converted into Catholic colleges by the simple process of attaching a chaplain and offering classes in catechism. Am I exaggerating? Listen to Doctor O'Brien:

"The Catholic Foundation means the establishment of a Catholic College at the very door of the State University. Let there be no misunderstanding. The establishment of the Foundation indicates no break in the age-old traditions of Catholic education. On the contrary, it means the continuance and the fulfillment of these traditions and their intelligent application of the changed conditions of modern life." (p. 5).

Note this well; by the mere addition of a three-semester course in religion, Illinois University becomes for the Catholic students a fully constituted Catholic college—an institution just as Catholic in every essential point as St. Viator's or St. Norbert's or St. Mary's or Holy Cross. On the other hand, subtract the religion courses from Notre Dame and it thereby becomes a secular, non-Catholic University, the same as the University of Indiana.

And what of the professional schools in Catholic Universities? Why, since no

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formal religion classes are taught in them, it follows that they are non-Catholic colleges. Our schools of medicine, law, education, sociology, and nursing, if only we had known it, are not Catholic schools at all. They are essentially the same as the non-Catholic schools. Furthermore, we have no business maintaining them any longer. Close up the Catholic University of America, close up Notre Dame and Villanova and Dayton and DePaul and Marquette and St. Louis and Creighton. The Church would "gain and not lose" if we could get rid of them. Let us have Catholic Foundations instead.

But why stop there? Are they not teaching mathematics and physics and chemistry and geography and civics in our Catholic high schools and parish schools? The Church has no business teaching these things. Her sole and essential *raison d'être* is to teach religion (see page 7, printed address). You see we are wasting our money here, too. Send the children to the public schools and join in with the Methodists and Baptists in their plan to get religion classes added to the public school curriculum. Let the Catholic Instruction League do the work; pack the Religious Orders off to Africa to convert the heathen!

So the addition of religion classes will convert a non-Catholic University into a Catholic college! Do we all realize what a non-Catholic University may be and often is? Let us pay a visit to a certain State University in the Middle West that I am familiar with. The proudest boast of this University is its brand of academic freedom (some people call it license). Let us see what this freedom leads to in practice. Here is a biology professor proving beyond all cavil that man is nothing more than a hairless mammal in a collar and tie. Here is a sociology professor who throws his class into convulsions by his clever flings at the Ten Commandments and revealed religion. Here is a professor of philosophy

who begins the year's work by remarking: "If there are any men or women in this class who still entertain primitive notions about God and hell and similar remnants of ancient superstition, I would ask them to leave them at the door as they enter my class-room." Over in that building across the green is a psychology professor who requires his pupils to repeat his exact teaching in their examinations and that teaching is that there is no such thing as a spiritual, personal, immortal soul. Soul? The professor of anatomy has something to say about that. "Boys," says he, as he spits a streak of tobacco juice athwart the sunken chest of a cadaver in the "stiff room," "boys, I want you to skin this stiff, dissect his muscles, trace every nerve, remove and examine the brain, and when you have taken him completely apart, I want you to keep an eye open for the soul. I want the first man who finds the *soul* to report the discovery to me. It will be a remarkable find!"

Across the hall the professor of obstetrics and gynecology is lecturing. There are, as is known, four degrees of abortion allowed by the State law. Is that all the professor is teaching? Would to God it were, but it is enough, for each of those four degrees is murder. In another building we find the professor of history. "Christianity," says he, "borrowed many practices and beliefs from the pagan religions round about it. Take holy water, for instance. They got that from the Roman lustral water and there is the idea of a virgin mother of God. That idea was as old as the hills. Most pagan religions have a similar deity. The Christians took over the notion from the Egyptians." And now we come to the "Lit" building. The class in the Italian of the Renaissance is now in session. What is the text? God help us! I cannot mention it. And over here is a class in Latin. What are these boys and girls poring over with flushed faces? A rotten play, unexpurgated. The jokes are

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the best part of it! Leave them out, the jokes? Nonsense. Why butcher a masterpiece? And then what would happen to the teacher's sly remarks? He is an awfully clever fellow. The class "gets a big kick out of his stuff."

Such is the State University as I know it. Is that what Doctor O'Brien will convert into a Catholic college by adding a professor of religion to its staff of one thousand instructors and one subject, religion, to its two hundred or more courses? Do this, and presto, we have a Catholic college. Does Doctor O'Brien know what a Catholic school is? Let him read canon law. Here is what the Holy See has to say on the subject: "From childhood all the Faithful must be so educated that * * * they are *taught nothing contrary to faith or morals*;" "Catholic children must not attend non-Catholic, neutral or mixed schools; that is, such as are also open to non-Catholics;" "It is desirable that a Catholic University be founded wherever

the public Universities are not *imbued with Catholic teaching and feeling*;" "It is the right and duty of the Bishops to take care that *nothing is taught or done against the Faith or sound morals in any of the schools in their territory*;" "The Bishops also have the right to approve the teachers of religion and the *textbooks*, and further to require that *texts be dropped and teachers removed when religion or morality demands it*."

Such are the requirements, such the qualifications which the Church lays down for a Catholic school. I invite Doctor O'Brien to show us in what manner a State University, plus an optional course in religion, which as a matter of fact was taken by only 40 out of 888 students during the first semester of last year, conforms to these requirements. How will one solitary chaplain dominate the president and his staff of one thousand teachers?

Claude H. Heithaus S.J.

OUR BENEFACTORS

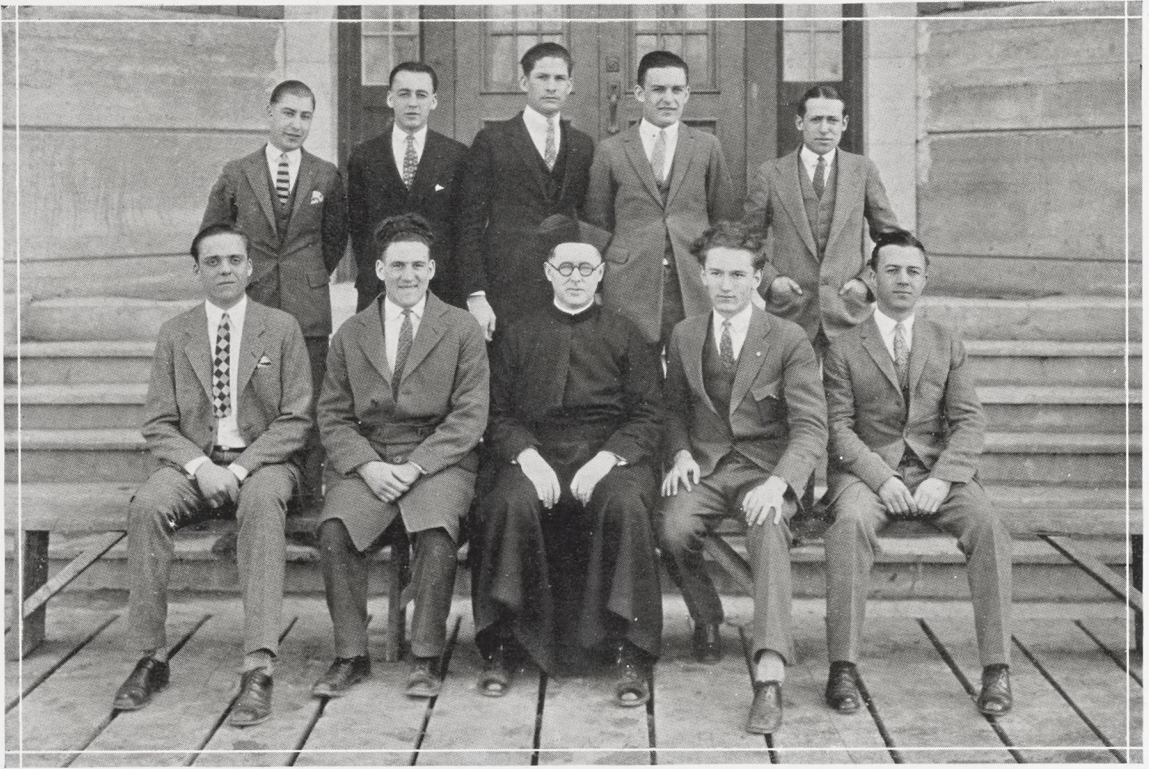
The Librarian begs to offer his sincere thanks to the following benefactors for gifts to the Library, some of them of great value:

His Grace Archbishop Mathieu; Very Reverend J. M. Fillion, S.J.; the Knights of Columbus of the District of Saskatchewan; Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., Toronto; Rev. T. J. MacMahon, S.J., Toronto; Rev. F. Wafer-Doyle, S.J., Guelph, Ont.; Rev. Mother Rose, Sion Academy, Moose

Jaw; Rev. Mother Superior, Sacred Heart Convent, London, Ont.; Rev. Mother Hughes, Sacred Heart Convent, Vancouver; Rev. Mother Superior, Grey Nuns' Hospital, Regina; Mr. J. J. Smith, Deputy Minister of Municipal Affairs, Regina; Mr. John Murphy, Regina; Mrs. C. J. Doherty, Montreal; Mrs. Rose Lee, Toronto; the Misses McElderry, Guelph, Ont.; Miss Mary MacMahon, Toronto.



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PHILOSOPHY CLASS

Junior Philosophy

Herman Hengen,—Herman is one of the few who really enjoy their studies. In fact, the pleasure he takes in them is said to be surpassed only by that which he derives from reading certain light literature. Much of his spare time, together with part of an occasional study period is employed in perfecting himself in the art of "Modern Magic." At times the professor suspects him of knitting when he is really making passes with cards or palming a nest-egg. In spite of this and although he has found time again this year to assume the duties of Editor of "The Campion," he always manages to prepare his daily lessons. He is a class leader and his professors have no fear for his success. On the rugby field, he formidably opposes all onslaught against the centre position. He also plays a good game of tennis

and baseball. To sum up, we may say that Herman is an all-round good sport and a favorite among the students.

John Hoeschen,—After spending a year at Loyola, Montreal, and two years at St. Boniface, "Jawn" returned last September to Campion, his first love. He is of a cheerful, humorous disposition, is a good mixer and makes friends quickly. His aptitude for serious study varies according to the proximity of a weekly test and inversely as the amount of reading material at his disposal. John has developed a remarkable talent for dramatics and is now reckoned as one of our very best comedians. In the field of sport he is prominent. He plays right middle wing on the rugby team and is not afraid to tackle the most difficult "proposition" that comes his

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way. Left wing on the hockey team would be a weak position were it not so capably filled by "our Jawn." His most serious endeavor this Spring was to convince his friends that the Saskatoon "Sheiks" should have won the Stanley Cup.

John Lee,—Since his arrival here in the early days of Campion, Jack has always been a loyal and earnest supporter of all college activities. Time and again his comrades have shown the esteem in which they hold him by the various positions of honor to which they have elected him. He works hard and enthusiastically at whatever he may undertake. With Jack, studies always come first. He was quarter-back on the rugby team and plays tennis and baseball. Under his management this year the College Hockey Club maintained its best traditions of past seasons. Though of a quiet disposition, Jack enjoys a good joke. There lurks a twinkle in his eye which causes some to cast suspicious glances in his direction when a really humorous prank has been played.

Michael Leboldus,—"Mike," as his friends call him, is a mild and rather silent character, but he is not at all devoid of wit. His classmates have been duly impressed this year by his tendency for work and they have come to the conclusion that he has been smitten by the

charms of Dame "Philosophia Scholastica." Yet Mike has much of the poet in his make-up. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the aridities of Aristotle will not wither that talent which was responsible in the past for more than one promising poetic effusion. Mike is an all-round athlete—gives a good account of himself as full-back on the rugby team, is a reliable defence man in hockey, and plays well both tennis and baseball.

Roger Haran,—Roger rolls to school every day in his high-powered coupe of the Henry Ford type. His usual complaint is the scarcity of gasoline. He is a happy youth, immune from care. His professor has attributed to certain Socialistic tendencies Roger's frequent attempts at diverting the general attention from studies of a serious nature. Yet if he really is a Socialist, he is not one of the long-haired, baggy-kneed type. "Frenchy" is his friends' fashion magazine. "Whatever Roger wears is the latest." His histrionic abilities as well as a surprising talent for music were displayed to good advantage when he trod the boards last Autumn. Since his becoming a day scholar he has some secondary pursuits which sometimes tend to divert his thoughts from the main issues of a college education.

Leonard Kusch, '26.



Campion's Academic Connections

CAMPION'S connection with the Department of Education of the Province, and with the Universities of Saskatchewan and Manitoba seems to be a great puzzle for many, so that a few words of explanation may not be out of place.

Primary education in the province, and secondary education, in so far as it leads to teachers' certificates, are entirely under the control of the Department of Education, which sets the programmes and conducts the examinations. Primary education is carried on in the Primary Schools and ends with the Eighth Grade. Secondary education begins with the Ninth Grade, and is carried on in the High Schools, Collegiate Institutes, and in the High School Department of private Colleges. Secondary education, in this province, culminates in Second Class and First Class Teachers' Certificates. Of course the student who intends to enter the teaching profession, must obtain further training at the Normal School.

Now the Second Class Certificate, under certain conditions, is accepted as equivalent to Junior Matriculation or entrance to First Year Arts at the University; while the First Class Certificate, under the same conditions, is accepted as equivalent to Senior Matriculation, or entrance to Second Year Arts.

Until two years ago, this was as far as Campion College could go, or in fact any other institution in the Province outside the University. At that time the University inaugurated the system of Junior Colleges, by which such institutions as could afford guarantees of efficient teaching and adequate equipment, were allowed to teach Second Year Arts. Campion College had the privilege of being classed among these.

Beyond this, the University of Saskatchewan grants no concessions to out-

side institutions, and she will grant no affiliation to any teaching body, even though otherwise acceptable, unless it consents to open a Hall on the University grounds at Saskatoon. For financial and administrative reasons, we could not see our way to complying with this condition, and consequently we were regretfully obliged, at least for the present, to abandon our hopes of affiliation to the Provincial University.

However, through the kindness of the authorities of the University of Saskatchewan, who generously waived all objections, we were able to obtain extramural privileges from the University of Manitoba for the Course of Scholastic Philosophy. This means that we are allowed to teach Third and Fourth Year Arts at Campion College, in the Course of Scholastic Philosophy, and our students, by attending lectures at the College, are enabled to proceed to a degree in Arts in the University of Manitoba. This was rendered possible by the fact that neither University has a course in Scholastic Philosophy, and so both were willing that we should undertake the teaching of this course ourselves.

The Examinations in Second, Third, and Fourth Year Arts, are under the control of the authorities of the respective universities, who appoint the examiners and supervise the examinations, which are conducted here in Regina, thus eliminating burdensome travelling expenses.

To conclude, a student may now obtain his entire secondary education at Campion College, and prepare for Second Class and First Class Non-professional Certificates, and then go on through the four years of his College Course to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, while at the same time receiving a complete course of religious instruction in a Catholic atmosphere.

ALUMNI

"The Campion" wishes to continue the work begun last year and by means of these columns to keep in touch with every former student of Campion College. We take this occasion once more to assure our Alumni that we still regard and always will regard them as members of Campion's ever growing family. We feel the keenest interest in all that pertains to them, in their trials and their successes since they have gone forth from our halls. Until the day when it will be feasible to organize an Old Boys' Association, this record of the doings of our former students, despite its imperfections, appears to offer them the most practical means of keeping in contact with one another and with their old College. We therefore earnestly request all our Old boys to communicate with us during the course of the coming year and to give us news of themselves and of any other former Campion boys with whom they may have relations. All communications of this sort may be addressed directly to "The Campion" or to one of the members of the Alumni Department. Such co-operation will greatly facilitate the work we are endeavoring to carry on.

Many whose names appeared in last year's issue are not mentioned in this number, either because what we would record would be merely a repetition of what was written then, or because we have been unable to secure fresh news of them. Some few have been omitted because so far it has been impossible to trace their whereabouts. These are the ones we would most like to hear of, and any information concerning them will be most gratefully received.

Rev. Thomas Lally S.J., who was our Spiritual Father last year, is still remembered with affection by all who knew him. To his initiative and energetic efforts "The Campion" owes its existence. He is teaching at present at the Novitiate of St. Stanislaus, Guelph, Ont.

Rev. John Moore S.J., was recreation master here for two years, during which his untiring devotion did much to develop athletic activities among the students. The whole-hearted assistance he rendered the first "Campion" was both effective and valuable. He is now teaching at Loyola College, Montreal.

Rev. J. Blank S.J., who zealously promoted the interests of Campion during his two years stay at the college is now engaged in preaching retreats and missions in the Missouri Province of the Society.

Rev. Joseph Carlin S.J., for four years a tireless and devoted worker as teacher and recreation master, is to be ordained this summer at the Ignatiuskolleg, Valkenburg, Holland.

Rev. Leo Burns S.J., whose good work in Campion's early days the older boys will not forget, will also be ordained this summer in Montreal.

Rev. D. Mulcahey S.J., taught physics here in 1922-23. He, too, is in Montreal, and will be raised to the holy priesthood this summer.

Mr. Herbert Murphy, B.A., professor at Campion for two years, is at his home, Panmure Island, P.E.I. **Mr. Bernard Murphy, B.A.**, is teaching this year at Boston, Mass.

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1918-1919

Wilfrid Kusch, one of Campion's first students from Regina, and who was with us for three years, is now attending the Electrical Engineering School at Boston, Mass.

James Bonnie was a general favorite and an ardent tennis enthusiast. He is now employed in the Telephone Exchange, Regina.

Clarence O'Connor, one of our best all-round athletes, is teaching at Bruno. **Leon O'Connor**, who, like his brother, was a prominent sportsman with a host of friends, is still with the Leader Publishing Co.

Vincent Shinnars, who gave much of his energy to the promotion of athletics in his early days, is with his brother at Edmonton.

Ludwig Schmidt is studying engineering in the United States.

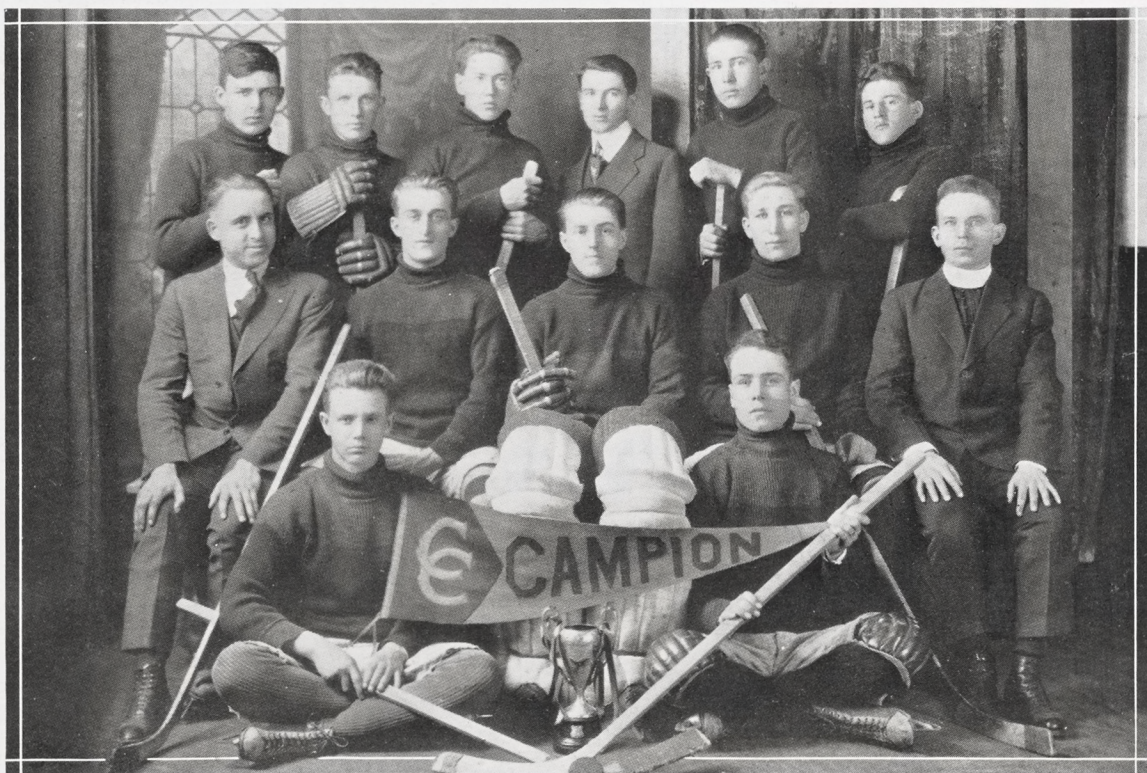
L. Isabelle followed a commercial course at Gravelbourg and is now working in Regina.

Joseph Lalonde. "Newsy's" picture is on one of these pages with the rugby team of which he was one of the stars. He is still at Marquis, Sask.

Conrad Longpré, another of our pioneers, is farming near Qu'Appelle.

Others of this year about whom we have as yet received no information were: E. Curtain, the Kammermeyers, the Lenzen Brothers and Kohlruss.

John B. Lee, 27.



OLD CAMPION HOCKEY TEAM. C.S.E.T. CHAMPIONS IN 1921

Standing: M. Leboldus, C. O'Connor, L. Stanton, C. McEachern, Manager, J. Helfrick, O. Kritzwiser
Seated: A. Charlebois, C. Runge, D. Clerk, Captain, N. Busch, Rev. J. Carlin S. J.

Bottom row: J. Lalonde, L. O'Connor

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1919-1920

Cecil Kritzwiser is well remembered by the many friends of his *Campion* days. He is still managing his father's store at McLean, Sask.

Douglas Clerk.—In our hockey picture he is ensconced behind the goaler's pads he wore when *Campion* won the S.C.E.T. Championship. Now living in Montreal.

Joseph Helfrick is now working in the Telephone Exchange at Sedley. He has a brother here to keep up the family traditions. They had the misfortune to lose their father very recently. We beg to offer them our sincerest condolences.

Leo Staunton is at present a student of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto, Ont. Leo, with Clarence O'Connor, sponsored the first journalistic enterprise at *Campion*, when "The *Campionite*," entirely hand-written, appeared for a time.

Donald McEachern, "Scotty" was always a serious worker as well as a promi-

nent athlete. He married recently and has now a responsible position with the Chevrolet Motors in Detroit.

Sylvester Acaster, whose sunny disposition is still remembered by older *Campion* students, played hockey for the famous St. Paul team last winter.

Bertram Fagan, of North Bend, B.C., attended Loyola College last year, but has gone back to the Coast again.

Marius Murphy, of boxing and violin fame, is now farming at Benson.

Alexander McNeil was hard on baseball bats and a skilful performer with the gloves. He is at present employed in Broadview.

Peter Deis completed his course at St. Boniface, receiving his B.A. Degree from Manitoba University. He has just finished his first year of law at the University of Saskatchewan.

1920-1921

Edgar Malone maintained his reputation as a hockey player when he figured on the "Pats" team last winter.

George Lenhard visited the college during the Christmas holidays. At present he is teaching at Salvador, Sask.

Cornelius Smith has taken to ranching in Herbert, Sask.

John Eisler and **Joseph Eisler** are well remembered for their success in sports as well as in the class-room. John is teaching near Hazenmore this year, while Joe is engaged in a similar pursuit near Kendal, Sask.

John Huck and **Anton Huck** are another popular two whom the students have not forgotten. "Tony" is at present working at Kendal and "Johnny" is still at Vibank.

Leo Martin.—"Fat," as he was known to his friends, is studying at St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minn.

Chas. Runge. Congratulations are again in order for Charlie. Since our last issue he has assumed the proud title of "paterfamilias."

Ben Hargarten is one of those who hailed with delight the first appearance of "The *Campion*." Through it he hopes to get in touch with many of his old *Campion* friends whom he has lost track of. He is now following a course of science and medicine which he intends to complete at the University of Alberta.

William McGinn.—"Jiggy," so popular here during his three years' stay, has gone to Detroit where he is working at present.

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John Biegler, here one year, is now working at Vibank, John has recently become a Benedict. Our heartiest congratulations, John!

Peter Selinger, was well liked by every one at Campion. This year he is studying dentistry in Chicago, Ill.

Kaspar Harty.—"Doc" is still teller in the Royal Bank of Canada at Pipestone, Man.

Jos. Donavan is managing a store at Turtleford, Sask.

Stephen Diewold has been attending the R.C.I. this year.

Jos. Devaney, who was here for three years, is farming at present near Regina.

John Molter has been studying at the Normal School. His brother, **Joseph Molter**, who was here with John for two years, is attending Queen's University, Toronto.



"OLD BOYS" RUGBY TEAM, 1919

Standing: A. Mildenberger, C. O'Connor, L. Stanton, L. Kammermeyer, J. Helfrick, L. O'Connor, Rev. J. Carlin S. J.

Seated: A. McNeil, T. McKeller, A. Niva, J. Lalonde, D. Clerk

Bottom row: O. Kritzwiser, C. Kritzwiser, P. Deis, E. Malone, L. Kanty

1921-1922

Charles St. Jacques.—"Chas." from Neville, Sask., was a hard worker both in the class-room and on the campus. He played on every team, baseball, rugby, hockey and basketball. Was Assistant Prefect in the Sodality and a member of the C.C.A.A. At present he is attending the University of Saskat-

chewan. "Chas." visited us at Christmas and again on his return home this spring.

John Volhoffer is working at Prelate. He was a good basketball player. While at Campion, his many tricks kept the prefects busy.

Cornelius Burns was a day scholar for two years. He is now bookkeeper

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at the National Drug and Chemical Co., Ltd., Regina.

William Bonneau, noted as a baseball player, is at Willow Bunch.

Edward Downing during his stay at Campion helped much to make the rugby season a success. When last heard of, he was at the Nutara Collegiate in Saskatoon.

H. Schmidt was a good student and an able hockey player. This year he is farming at Kronau, Sask.

Cyril Barker is working in North Bay, Ont. Cyril has not forgotten Campion, as was shown by his interest in last year's Review.

Ray De Man was a good singer and a good musician. He is in Chinook, Alta., where he is managing his father's elevator. **Edward De Man**, with his brother, took a prominent part in theatricals, and former Campionites no doubt well remember his histrionic abilities.

D'Arcy Lynch-Staunton is still at Pincher Creek, Alta.

Jacob Herauf hailed from Kronau. He is now following a course in electrical engineering in Milwaukee.

Angus Robertson, former hockey star at Campion, is farming and ranching at Crossfield, Alta.

Jack Webb.—"Sheik" won great repute as a saxophone player. Is working in Cadillac. **Norman Webb** is manager of a hotel in Kincaid, Sask.

Voista Yovanov attended Campion as a day scholar for four years. He was a hard worker and popular in class. He is at present employed at the City Hall, Regina.

Frank Lukas taught for some time at Keller's School, near Bruno. Present whereabouts unknown.

John Duczynski is now in charge of a farm at Amulet, Sask. John wrote us recently, recalling with pleasure his stay at Campion.

Roy Connell is another to whom congratulations are due. Roy married recently and is now living in Saskatoon.

E. J. Goetz is attending the University of Saskatchewan.

John Frasz is now farming near Odessa, Sask.

J. Hutmacker and Origene Perron were also of this year, but so far we have been unable to secure any information concerning them.

1922-1923

Martin Hourigan.—"Shrimp" was witty and enterprising. After spending three years at Campion, he sent us his brother to carry on in his place. Now in Moose Jaw.

Frank Stocker, of a musical turn of mind, he was a dependable member of the orchestra. His constant good humor won him many friends. He lives in Regina.

Paul Schlosser, from Lajord, bright, jovial and popular. He was also somewhat of a bookworm.

Francis Schneider is now at Raymore.

Carl Schmitz, a very hard worker, quiet, yet popular. He was Campion's only clarinetist. At present he is at Windthorst.

Clement Schmitz was a musician like his brother. He was prominent on the gridiron and cut no mean figure in the weekly tests. After a course at Normal School, he went to teach near Windthorst.

Joseph Siller attended Campion as a day scholar for three years. He used to

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spend most of his spare time drawing cartoons. Now in Regina.

Edwin Vossberg.—"Swede" was of a good-natured disposition. An all-round athlete, he won the senior cup on the Campion Field Day last year, as individual champion of the seniors. Is now at Nutana Collegiate, Saskatoon.

Robert Dickson.—"Bob" played a lot of tennis and always gave us the latest news from North Portal. He is now assistant station agent there.

H. McManus is at North Battleford.

Gregory Ebenal, of Kronau, is studying electrical engineering at Milwaukee with **Glen Donnelly**.

L. Frechette attended one year here. Was a hard worker.

W. Doyle is now working in Battleford.

Gerald Noonan, was a day scholar here. "Gerrie" always had reasons for coming late. At present he is with the Leader Publishing Co., Regina.

Harold De Forest.—"Windy" was a good track man and hockey player. Is living in Port Arthur. He married recently. Good for you, Harold!

Stewart Griffith was in Saskatoon and **John Kilkenny**, in Medicine Hat, when they were last heard of.

Keith Guertin is living at Cheadle, Alta.

Clifford Lacroix is in Chicago, where he now has a position.

M. Roth.—"Shorty" studied hard and played good rugby as well. He is continuing his studies at Tyvan, Sask.

Simon Dauphinais, who used to help Brother Rocheleau in the infirmary is at Willow Bunch.



STUDENTS AND FACULTY OF 1923-1924

1923-1924

Archie Anderson was here for two years and is now studying at Moose Jaw. Archie wrote us last year, wishing our Review the best of luck.

Leo Macgillvry.—Leo's sense of humor used to manifest itself in clever cartoons, some of which found their way into "The Campion's" columns. Was trainer

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of Rooters' Club for two years. At present he is attending the University of Saskatchewan.

Jack Nicolle was noted as a boxer and took part in all sports. Now in the employ of the Bank of Commerce, Regina.

Nicholas Roth.—"Nick" was a hard worker like his big brother, with whom he is now finishing his course at Tyvan, Sask.

Carl Bergl, famous as a baseball and hockey player. Was with the Falcons last Winter when they beat the Pats. Now in Regina.

Leo Mirau has moved from Neville to McMahon, Sask.

John Lutz, who was here for a short time, is in Leader, Sask.

G. Lenglet.—"Fido" was very popular and never out of money. He had an ample store of humor as well. Present whereabouts unknown.

Anton Mildenberg, who was here for a year, has joined the Crosier Fathers as a Lay Brother. He is now stationed at Onamia, Minn.

Angus Stewart, who was here for a year, is living in Qu'Appelle.

Paul Lindsay.—"Venus" had a pleasant disposition and was an all-round good fellow. Popular and enterprising. He is back on the farm at Buffalo Gap, Sask.

Maurice Connor was a prefect here for one year. He was well liked by all and was a valuable man on the baseball diamond. This year he has been teaching in a Hungarian settlement south of Quinton. He always endeavors to direct young students towards Champion.

Vincent Connor, his brother, is teaching near Denzil. **Albert** is studying at Melfort, where he causes considerable worry to the principal and to opposing pitchers.

Anton Rist, who was at Champion for a while, is at Odessa.

Henry Braconnier.—"Torchy" is now at Gravelbourg.

"Jack" Madden was noted as a good debater. Studying law at Saskatoon. Jack wishes to congratulate last year's staff for the success of "The Champion's" first venture. He takes great pleasure in following Champion's progress and successes.

Victor Campeau was well liked by all the juniors here. He is now at Gravelbourg College, while **Clement Pirot** is at the Jesuit College in Edmonton.

1924-1925

Francis Ryan, fond of four cushion bank and especially of his father's bank account. Always wore a smile, even when he got an underlined sixty. He has a position in Rockyford, Alta., his home town.

Cecil McTaggart always knew his memory lesson, unless the book was opened on the wrong page. Now in Moose Jaw.

Gordon Grant.—"Socrates," leader of stoics unto whom he used to expound his

philosophy. Was a good mathematician; wrote a new geometry which anyone could learn in an hour. This year he is back at Lumsden.

Gerard Ernewein, always a reliable friend. A good musician, but he was prejudiced against Latin. Showed great activity on our advertising staff last year. Now at the Owl Drug Store, Regina, preparing for the study of the theory of pharmacy.

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Wallace Price is now employed in Moose Jaw.

James Conlon.—"Jim" was noted for the extent and the variety of his correspondence. Was a good track man and a star baseball player. He is attending the University of Saskatchewan.

Francis Goetz was popular among his classmates and an all-round good sport. While here, he developed into a good public speaker. Now at Nutana Collegiate, Saskatoon.

George Dill, of Saskatoon, was of a literary bent, quiet but popular.

John Thurmeier, diligent student, always first or second in class. Now at Southey.

George Walliser, who was here for one year, is now studying for the priesthood at St. John's Juniorate, Edmonton, Alta. Our sincerest congratulations, George, and may there be more to follow your example.

Cletus Enright, a kind-hearted, good-natured youth, is back in Brandon, Man., where he has a position now.

J. Schmidt is at Herschel and **M. Claeys** is at Rosetown.

G. Fanning, who was here one year, has gone back to the Coast.

Frederick Seiferling, '29.

James Tomecko, '30.



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SUMMUS PONTIFEX
PIUS XI

TOTIUS ORBIS
IUVENIBUS



*che il centenario della Canonizzazione di S. Luigi Gonzaga accenda in tutti, non specialmente
in voi, o cari giovani, lo studio e l'imitazione di questo mirabile giovane, capolavoro di natura e di grazia,
che alla natività conquistata e confermata santità congiungeva inviolata l'ingegno, vigoria di carattere,
forza di volontà, fervore di opera, generosità di animo. - vero angelo di pubblica, ebbi madre e carità.*

Pius XI

TRANSLATION

The Sovereign Pontiff, Pius XI, to the Youth of the Entire World.

May the bi-centennial celebration of the canonization of Aloysius Gonzaga enkindle in the hearts of all, but in yours most especially, dear young men, zealous emulation of this admirable youth. Aloysius was conspicuous for splendid qualities natural and supernatural. In order to acquire holiness speedily and perfectly he brought to bear a quick and ready mind, an undaunted spirit, an inflexible will, enthusiasm, and a lofty contempt of worldly things. He was an angel in chastity and a martyr of charity.

PIUS XI.

The Aloysian Centenary

December 31st, 1926, will be the second centenary of the canonization of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Patron of Youth. It is planned to give the celebrations that will take place on this occasion a very practical note by calling upon the Catholic youth of the entire world to unite in solemnly adopting a programme of life which, though simple in statement and brief in content, embodies what we may call the Aloysian ideal. The first sketch of this programme, as announced, embraces the chief duties of Catholic young men. It looks to the renewal of

spiritual life and the stimulation of spiritual ideals according to the example given by the life of St. Aloysius.

Five points are specified in the rule of life: First, to stand firm in the Catholic faith in spite of infidelity and desertion on the part of others. Second, to love the Church, the spouse of Christ, and defend her against her enemies. Third, to look upon it as a sacred duty to acquire Catholic mental culture and a deeper knowledge of religion. Fourth, to cultivate the virtue of purity according to the example of St. Aloysius, especially by

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frequent communion and by special devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Fifth, to cultivate a truly Catholic character, specifically in relation to duty to parents and in dealing charitably with all.

In this connection, it gives us great pleasure to publish the following article which has just been sent us by the Rev. Joseph Quirico S.J., Editor of the "Stella Matutina," Rome.

St Aloysius the Man of Character

We live in a difficult, but at the same time extremely interesting age, which offers the impartial historian a wide field for observation. Never before has such frequent and enthusiastic praise been given to *Force* and *Youth* as the two great factors that should concur to the material reconstruction of the world. So much insistence is placed on the connection between these two qualities that one asks himself if that connection be real or imaginary.

To begin with, if we take *force* to mean *physical strength*, we must say that, with relatively few exceptions, force and youth go together. But if force mean *the temper of the moral character*, that is not overcome by difficulties, but surmounts all obstacles, that aspires to what is noblest, and resists all the insinuations of ignoble passions, then we must confess that force and youth are not always united. How often young men in the first flush of manhood act basely or weakly when, for example, from a foolish human respect they publicly deny their most intimate and certain religious convictions; or when they give themselves up to vice and indecency.

Quite the opposite of this dark picture was St. Aloysius Gonzaga, whose youth was joined with such moral strength as fitted him to be a model of strength of character.

The most extraordinary proof of St. Aloysius' moral strength lies in his *renunciation of the riches* that were to come to him as the first born and as the object of the special benevolence of many rich relatives. When his father is spoken of as the Marquis of the little village of Castiglione delle Stiviere, one

may be tempted to think that the family of St. Aloysius was as poor as many noble families of today.

On the contrary, his family was very rich, and the property coming to him was large. There was the Marquisate of Castiglione with the castle, lands and rented houses, the ancient inheritance of



FIRST COMMUNION OF ST. ALOYSIUS

his father. Then there were the possessions of his mother, who belonged to a rich Piedmontese family, the Barons of Santena. Moreover, there were the large properties assigned by Philip II in the Kingdom of Naples and in the Duchy of Milan, for the enjoyment of St. Aloysius' father, Don Ferrante, and of his son; likewise the feudal lands of Solferino with other possessions and revenues. The life of luxury that Don Ferrante wished his sons to enjoy when they were pages of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Florence, or of the Catholic King at Madrid, or even guests of the Duke of Mantua or of the Duke of

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Savoy, shows the riches which his family had at its disposal.

All of this St. Aloysius wished to renounce, spontaneously, freely, constantly, energetically. He wished to follow Jesus in poverty, and he succeeded, but in order to do so, he had to triumph over many more obstacles than others must overcome to attain riches. Here is true force and strength of character.

To oppose the *Vanity and Pride* of the world, St. Aloysius had need of still greater energy. Even among the pagans, we find philosophers who cynically despised the material goods of life; but, while appearing poor and lowly, they were proud and vain at heart. One day when Diogenes was invited to dinner by Plato, the uncouth philosopher took pleasure in ostentatiously soiling the rich carpets of his host. "What are you doing?" he was asked. "I am trampling upon Plato's pride," said he. "You are," retorted Plato, "but you are only showing your own pride in another way." Diogenes had learned to despise riches, but he had not managed to conquer his pagan pride and vanity. Great force of character is required for that, a force which is produced only by the Christian religion.

This force St. Aloysius possessed, and in a very high degree. At the various courts that he was obliged to attend, he avoided ceremonies and festivities; above all, he abhorred whatever might bring him honor in the eyes of the world. With holy artifices, he refused the fine clothes, trimmed with gold and lace, that his father provided for him. He wore silk stockings, for the etiquette of the court required it, but they were so worn and patched as to rouse his tutor's indignation against him. In a famous parade at Milan, in which the princes and young nobles took part in order to display their fine and richly caparisoned horses, our Saint rode on a poor old mule, attended by only two servants, so as to be laughed at and scorned. He desired nothing more than to be despised by the world.

The world is an able enemy and hard to fight, but it is always an external enemy. Greater strength of character is required to fight the harder battle against *the Internal Enemy, the Flesh*, concupiscence and sensuality.

Such a struggle will perhaps seem superfluous in the case of St. Aloysius. What need had he to give battle to an enemy that did not attack him? For, according to some excellent people, he was like one confirmed in grace. His spiritual director, the Blessed Cardinal Bellarmine, declared that his chastity was never tempted. He is an example of the brightest purity, and so he is called "The Angelic Youth." Why then should he take up arms against his flesh?

But St. Aloysius did not reason thus. He observed the excellent military tactics of defending his own territory by taking the offensive and thus keeping the enemy outside. He struggled with all the energy of his character to prevent his innocence from being even remotely threatened. He guarded the lily of chastity with the thorns of *Penance*. By disciplines and chains, he subdued his flesh with such severity as often to draw blood; he observed strict and prolonged fasts and abstinences; he mortified his senses and above all, his eyes, so thoroughly as even to appear exaggerated.

Thus arose in St. Aloysius that admirable union of innocence and of penance, which characterizes the Saint and finds expression in the prayer of the Church in the Mass of his Feast, and which presents a truly marvelous testimonial of adamant strength of character.

In the *Struggle for his Vocation* the strength of our Saint was indeed tried by fire. While at the Court of Madrid, Aloysius, who was already inclined to the religious life, resolved not to delay any longer and, after a period of uncertainty, determined to enter the then recently founded Society of Jesus.

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The reasons for his choice were various. The Saint saw in the Society an order lately established, that proceeded towards its sublime end with perfect observance of its rules and vows, and with unaltered fidelity to its high ideals. What pleased him especially was the vow taken by its members never to aspire to ecclesiastical dignities, and not to accept them save at the express command of the Pope. Thus he hoped to escape those Church honors which his relatives would surely seek to obtain for him. Moreover, he rejoiced to see the new religious dedicating themselves so zealously to the training of youth in colleges and Sodalities, and laboring so untiringly for the conversion of heretics and infidels. He hoped to be sent with them to India, Japan or America, there to live and die a missionary.

When after mature deliberation, the Saint had made his choice (which was confirmed by a voice from heaven), he no longer showed any hesitation and remained unshakable in his purpose.

But what a bitter and prolonged struggle to accomplish the divine will! His father, on hearing of Aloysius' intentions, became enraged and drove his son from him with harsh words, threatening to have him stripped naked and shamefully scourged. What strength in the reply of our Saint: "Would to God I might have the grace to suffer such a thing for His love!"

The trial, by its long duration, might have overcome a youth endowed with less force of character. Time and again the father tried to change his son's determination by prayers and by threats, but all in vain. In vain, too, did Don Ferrante have Aloysius approached by persons of authority, even of high ecclesiastical rank, to dissuade him from his resolution. Finally, the father promised that upon the Saint's return to Italy, he would concede the ardently desired permission.

Nevertheless, when Aloysius was back in Italy, his father sought to postpone the fulfillment of his promise, hoping that his son might yet change his mind. With this intention, he sent him to visit all the princes and dukes of Italy; he wished that bishops, religious and princes should endeavor to withdraw him from his purpose.

Still the Saint stood firm. But the obstinate father would not yield. It was necessary that with his own eyes he should see his son in tears, kneeling before the Crucifix, praying and cruelly scourging himself, before the paternal heart was moved and permission given Aloysius to renounce his titles and enter the Society of Jesus. The strength of the Saint had conquered once more, as it conquered later in all the other trials of his short life.

Joseph Quirico S.J.

Editor "Stella Matutina," Rome.



A Friend of Campion Honored

THE faculty and students of Campion College were greatly pleased this year to learn of the honors that were recently bestowed upon Msgr. Z. H. Marois, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Regina.



MSGR. Z. H. MAROIS,
Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Regina.

The first of these came from Rome. By a Brief dated July 9th, 1925, Msgr. Marois, who was already a Domestic Prelate, was named Protonotary Apostolic, in recognition of his valuable services to the Church in this part of the West. Shortly afterwards, on November 18th, splendid celebrations were held at Gravelbourg College when, in the presence of a great number of clergy and of distinguished laymen, the Degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Msgr. Marois by the University of Ottawa as a token of appreciation of his splendid work in the interests of Catholic education and in particular of his untiring efforts in behalf of Gravelbourg College. The presentation was

made by Rev. Fr. F. X. Marcotte, O.M.I., Rector of Ottawa University, and was followed by a banquet and a dramatic entertainment given by the students of the college.

Msgr. Marois has been in the West now for fifteen years, having come to Regina with Msgr. Mathieu. As the latter's secretary, he visited many times every quarter of Southern Saskatchewan, helping in countless ways by his unflagging devotion. Later, when he was named Vicar-General, he directed his efforts towards the building of the Cathedral of Regina and to that of many other churches throughout this part of the Province. Another memorable result of his work is to be found in the present Archbishop's Palace. He played a prominent part in the development of Catholic education in the West by bringing in several religious teaching orders and by helping them build up their establishments. As has been already mentioned, Gravelbourg College was opened largely through his initiative.

Msgr. Marois has on many occasions proved himself a good friend of our College. In the difficult days of Campion's early existence, his interest took the practical form of much appreciated assistance. Again, when a new wing was added to the present building, a very considerable sum of money was through his influence contributed by the Diocesan Council to the funds required for that purpose.

Msgr. Marois' friendship for Campion and his interest in its welfare have ever been appreciated by all those who have benefited by them, and in their name we wish to offer him our heartiest congratulations and to assure him of our sincerest esteem.

Eric Kusch, '29.

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SECOND YEAR ARTS

Second Year Arts

AS SEEN BY ONE ANOTHER

Ferdinand Reiss,—Takes pleasure in producing harmony and taking the knots out of discords. Plays every instrument at hand with the exception of the bagpipes. However, no one holds that against him, so he remains the mainstay of the orchestra. He never is more than two minutes late for lectures, and seldom early. Serious, steady, and dependable, he continues transposing, which is his favorite occupation. He also studies once in a while.

Bernard White,—An addict to Scott and an ardent tennis enthusiast, he finds sufficient time in between to pass all the exams any one has ever handed him. Though a skilful debater and a capable actor, he has been but rarely in the public eye this year: study is too serious a matter to be sacrificed to the laurels of

the rostrum. Makes many friends despite his reticent manner, and notwithstanding his Irish blood, he never grows eloquent over the "Mulligan."

Jules Mainil,—Possessed of pessimistic tendencies, Jules has the happy faculty of being pleased with adversity. See him for cheerful information before Exams, and he'll convince you that yours won't be the worst failure. However, the event always belies the prediction, so if you see Jules cramming, something is going to happen. Yet, one pleasant thing he foretold this year was what he was going to do as a member of the advertising staff. Fortunately, his prophecy came true.

George Grad,—His favorite poem is "My Kate," although he isn't an ad-

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mirer of Browning. As he is favorably impressed by the fair sex otherwise than with rolling-pins, he finds himself at variance with Pope's ideas on the matter as conveyed to us in "The Rape of the Lock." Inclined to be romantic, he nevertheless recognizes study as a serious business and pursues wisdom relentlessly from the first pages of Livy to the last of Heine.

Francis Zeman,—Endowed by nature with a generous share of brawn, "Luke," who is an under-graduate of St. Peter's College, Munster, dropped in on us rather unexpectedly this year. Of a silent and pensive turn of mind, and not given to loquaciousness under any circumstances, he yet holds the modest opinion that bobbed hair will be the ruin of the younger generation. In the class-room he seldom voices his reflections, though he is sometimes roused to scintillating flashes of wit.

Jacob Schmidt,—This abbreviated member of our class wears a frown on all occasions that charges the atmosphere when he concentrates. Firmly convinced that the world revolves about Vibank, he shows himself prepared to defend the truth of his contention by fair means or by foul. His consumption of the odiferous weed being out of all proportion with his size, he shows remarkable ability in keeping his fellow smokers' supply of tobacco fresh.

Francis Runge,—Rugby enthusiast and one of the strongest supports of our gridiron squad, Frank makes time pay on the last down and twenty yards to go. He is prominent also in other sports, and is ever to be depended on in basketball and on the track. He is normal in every way except that he is a little above it in sports. He concurs with others of the class in a deep-rooted dislike for the tongue Socrates didn't speak, namely Latin.

Alexander Weber,—Of a certainty, we must congratulate the city of Young, the home of so famous a wit as our friend "Alex." How lively the town must be now that he has once more returned to the paternal roof. But we doubt very much whether the rejoicing he has caused by his reappearance there will compensate for the loss that his friends here have incurred by his departure. We miss his morning "cracks" and his evening puns. But "Alex." can boast of more than his reputation as a wit during his stay at Campion. His literary achievements and his success in his studies lead us to believe that the field of letters may claim him as its own, though we feel sure that Alex. will make his mark in any walk of life.

Ernest Zurowski,—Ernest has had a career at Campion marked by hard and conscientious work, crowned with flattering success. Perhaps we might sum up his outstanding qualities in these few words: he is sincere, generous, patient, and trustworthy. Always taking seriously things deserving serious attention, he yet knows how to receive and return a jest in good spirit. Despite the breadth of his shoulders and the size of his shoes, Ernest longs for the time when he shall purchase a Borsalino to top off his smile to perfection.

John Murphy,—Should any one wish to know what it is like to be a favorite, let him inquire of John. Of a pleasing yet striking personality, (Irish, and proud of it) John has always been in the limelight at Campion. Thanks to an almost inexhaustible love of work and to a sense of humor no less abundant, John manages to paddle his own canoe without doing much of the paddling himself. John and Benson are now enjoying each other's company, and Benson is most likely getting just a wee bit more pleasure out of it than John is.

Why the Catholic College?

CONFUSION in discussions about the merits of the Catholic and non-Catholic college is most often due to the false assumption that the two institutions are rivals. A little thought must make it clear that they are not.

Even a psychoanalyst would run out of theories labeling the various states of body and mind that lead to these long, and usually profitless, discussions. With some, I imagine, there is a vague envy at work which subtly longs for the wealth and prestige of the non-Catholic college. The Catholic college man who argues about the comparative values of buildings, scientific equipments, learned professors, size of enrolment, and so on, subjects himself to this suspicion of envy. And the Catholic at the non-Catholic college who does the same leads one to think that there is a skeleton rattling in his conscience and he is trying to deaden the noise. The Catholic who tries to justify his presence at the non-Catholic college on these grounds of equipment, size, influence, and the rest, (I do not speak here of engineering schools, or graduate schools, but the straight academic courses that aim at character and culture) is talking as inanely as his fellow Catholic who says that he goes to the non-Catholic college "to get in with the right people." He is looking at the question from a purely material point of view, and there is really no common ground of discussion. I cannot picture anyone denying that non-Catholic colleges are more wealthy than Catholic colleges. If a Catholic is looking for as big a grab of the world's goods as he can get, the powerful non-Catholic college is probably his best bet. Later it may not be so, but now one can safely say it is.

There are some common grounds for argument, as the comparison of the elective system with the non-elective

system, followed in many Catholic colleges. If you believe in the lop-sided man trained along the path of least resistance, you will probably prefer the elective system at the non-Catholic college. Again, if you are emphatically against training the faculties as such, you will probably prefer the informative methods of the non-Catholic college.

But in general, the argument is not on these grounds. The Catholic college man argues broadly out of loyalty to his Faith; the Catholic at the non-Catholic college, prompted by the inferior feeling of superiority, argues more specifically about size, prestige, equipment, and the rest. Sometimes he drops a remark about "too much religion," or "being where the best people are," but more often he keeps these choice thoughts for his private pleasure.

Correct enough, if it be possible to know too much about religion and its privileges, and if "the best people" are best on a standard that is cheerfully pagan.

The fundamental difficulty with these discussions lies, as I have said, in the assumption that the Catholic and non-Catholic college are rivals. They are not. They are two absolutely distinct institutions, not racing side by side to the same goal, but shooting away at angles, inviting comparison, but, by no means, rivalry. They are guided by entirely different conceptions as to what is best for man in this life and the next. They have built their systems for different ends.

Catholicism is not simply a scheme of religious observance, specializing on Sundays and holydays of obligation. Catholicism is a culture, a philosophy, and more. It has its teaching as to the beauty of the world and the life of society. It has, in broad senses, its economics and esthetics and psychology as surely as it has its ethics. It has its traditions, its heroes, its

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history, its legends, its art. It can change not only a man's conception of birth, death, and life hereafter, but it can change his attitude to every minute of every day of his life. Catholicism in itself is an educational influence, a cultural influence. And Catholic colleges are not only citadels of the Faith; they are centers of Catholic culture and tradition. Non-Catholic colleges are centers of Protestant culture or agnostic culture, or centers of the cultural mood of the moment. They are perfectly fit in this, and thus fulfil their own existences. But to consider these colleges rivals of Catholic centers is to make a grave mistake. It is as if one compared the Woolworth building and the parish church. Or better, it is as if one considered as rivals the Eiffel tower and a Gothic chapel. It is to close one's eyes to structural differences which are in no way competitive; it is also to close one's eyes to the existence of the Tabernacle.

Apart from purely religious objectives, if a Catholic desires a training that will lead him to the greatest fulfilment of his being in life, the Catholic college is the place for him. There, the Catholic will find a training that will not divide him, but make him one. There, all those errant tendencies of heredity, environment, early teaching, will be knitted into one positive individuality.

There his life will find vitalization. On him, there, the informed cultural influence of the Faith will centralize. He will become a definite personality, alive to all the wonder of this world, equipped as well to labor for this life as for the next. He is an aristocrat by birth; here he will be trained for the court, for knighthood, and the crusades. Here he will find ample reason for the Faith that is in him.

I think one can safely say that education in America today is somewhat of a risk. With its growing complexity, its shortsighted utilitarian aims, and, in general, its stalwart stupidity, it succeeds in obliterating a youth's intuitions with-

out teaching him to think. It gilds him over with superficialities, makes him vaguely sensitive to caste, bloats him up with a particularly empty vanity, and sends him out with a shining eye and a hollow head to join the long parade. There is a droll humor about it that allows some mirth. It begins to appear that a college education, like a political party, is good in that it keeps certain minds easy and thus keeps them from harm. And it begins to appear, also, that University educators today resemble the processionary caterpillars in Fabre's yard who went around and around, each one close after the other in a circle on the top of a vase, for seven days, firmly persuaded, no doubt, that they were going somewhere. Nevertheless, there is the risk. Particularly when the education is malicious. There is always the phenomenal boy who will take a professor or a course seriously. There is always the boy who thinks he thinks.

There is no reason, however, why young American Catholics should be offered up as raw material for this wholesale manufacture of mediocrities.

One might argue that the Catholic college, following a wise tradition, benefiting from the wisdom of the ages, is a far shrewder educator than the non-Catholic college. It can develop character, cultivate intellect, and broaden and deepen a youth's appreciation of life even for its own sake. Training him, without, perhaps, an eye for simple utility, it can end up by making him a finer, more responsive, more understanding, more alert, and hence more useful instrument for worldly accomplishment. But this argument is beyond the scope of this paper. The point is that, whatever the Catholic college does do or does not do, it is unquestionable that it seeks to teach a youth a better understanding of his Faith.

Some decry, of course, this recommendation. It doesn't ring harmoniously enough with the solid sound of good gold dollars. Others decry it out of fine

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feeling of nicety, holding it a delicate subject which has a proper place and should not be drawn in on every possible occasion.

There is a place for everything, and the place for religion is the sick room and the late Mass, Sunday morning. A visit to the offices and homes of these proper people shows, what one anticipates: That for them, as for the gigantically dizzy world about them, Jesus Christ is forgotten. The day is coming, if it is not here, when the thoughtful boy cannot be dropped into the treacheries and deadly subtleties of modern print and preaching with merely his Sunday-school training. He will need a heap of prayers and far more aid than the memory of his Sunday-school teacher to help him by the passionate pagan enticement of current individualism, supplemented by its insidious boast of "thinking things out."

The Catholic college, at any rate, teaches the true philosophy, the true interpretation of history, the true background and reason of the Faith. Such instruction is always desirable, but there are times as these when it is necessary. In this air, dizzy with falsehood and dazzling sophistries and putrid with the stench of sick minds, stability and health are more difficult than heretofore. The way of the humble soul is as serene and lovely as ever. But hard, alas, and hazardous is the way of the poor fellow who is undergoing "education," the poor fellow with a little vanity, the poor fellow, above-mentioned, who thinks he thinks * * *.

In Catholic colleges, at least, there is the Faith, with its beauty, its splendid traditions, and its light and strength. And this Faith, I believe, has alone been known to make men superlatively happy and superlatively good. What more could the heart desire? Colleges, of course, should educate for worldly achievements. I believe this, though I also believe living one's life is far more important than doing the day's work.

If the Catholic college is deficient in this respect, it is up to Catholics to remedy the deficiency. And they will not do so by supporting the non-Catholic colleges.

Why should a Catholic go to a Catholic college? Once I ventured to remark that Catholic and non-Catholic colleges, as cultural systems, apart from graduate or specialty work, were not rivals. Some very kindly folk, their sensitiveness jarred, no doubt, immediately took me to task. Looking at colleges as merely training schools in a larger learning, my critics were very possibly right. But looking at them as educational systems in the broader meaning of education, I think they were wrong. So many approach this discussion with long and windy gabble about the comparative advantages and disadvantages of the two types of institutions that they lead one to think they are in all ways competitive and end up by blurring the issue. To be sure both aim at education. But one aims exclusively at an immediate and worldly goal, the other at an ultimate goal as well. One busies itself with shadows only; the other with the Great Reality also. One teaches no God, or neglects Him; the other tries to draw the soul out toward Him. One teaches Jesus Christ; the other no Jesus Christ. One is religious; the other anti-religious, or at best, irreligious. One is Christian; the other anti-Christian. One teaches a sort of humanistic religion, if any; the other teaches a divine religion. One is largely a laboratory of "scientific" guesswork; the other a stronghold of the Faith.

If one could say that the Catholic college teaches the whole truth, and the non-Catholic college does not, one could possibly avoid a distasteful distinction. We could then, by twist of the fancy, picture the two colleges racing in parallel lines toward the same tape. But such is hardly the case. The Catholic college teaches the truth; the non-Catholic college, today at any rate, with its apotheosized science, its behaviouristic psycho-

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logy, its pragmatic ethics, and, in general, its thoroughly mechanistic philosophy, teaches falsehood. In one you risk your soul; in one, indeed, many have lost it; in the other you do not. The fact that if you are extraordinarily bright or extraordinarily stupid you are fairly safe anywhere does not weaken the general argument. The two institutions move, essentially, in opposite directions. They may compete in the sense that both hold up their systems as the right ones and that both seek students. But as systems of education, as institutions preparing the soul for the unending stretch of life, they do not compete. One moves toward the soul; the other away from it. When a man is wrong, it is better, I think, to call him wrong, not a rival. And why between right and wrong institutions should we strengthen the wrong by the flattery of close comparison,

and obscure the perilous differences by almost seeming to shout: May the swiftest one win!

It is very unfashionable and other-worldly, of course, to argue in this manner for the Catholic colleges. It introduces those somewhat embarrassing questions of personal conduct—regardless of social form, innate good taste, and the police—and of eternal salvation. It is much too bad, in this pleasurable, money-making, and enlightened world, to drag in such ancient and disturbing matters as Heaven, Hell, Death, and Judgment.

Why should a Catholic go to a Catholic college? One does not need an article to answer the question. A sentence is enough: Because he is a Catholic.

Myles Connolly,
Editor of "Columbia."

Our Homeland Dear

Our homeland dear, fair Canada art thou,
Bright are the gems that bind thy youthful brow,
For thine arm in battle ne'er falters,
The Cross it dares uphold;
And thy deeds on Liberty's altars,
Are stamped in letters bold.
Tempered by Faith, thy valor's might
Has ever stood for Justice and for Right,
Has ever stood for Justice and for Right.

Thy sons are born where giant waters flow.
'Neath God's own eye, the heirs of greatness grow,
For our sires in virtue were peerless,
Their honor knew no stain.
Though in war they ever were fearless,
At home Peace held its reign.
Come weal, come woe, come foemen bold,
With naked steel our birthright we will hold,
With naked steel our birthright we will hold.

Lily and Rose our distant shores have found,
Emblems of power in friendship we have bound,
Where the Green of Ireland's devotion
Near Scotland's Thistle grows,
Where the breeze from pinelands and ocean
O'er golden prairies blows.
Hail, homeland, Hail! Mother to me,
Proud is thy flag that waves above the Free,
Proud is thy flag that waves from sea to sea.

Here Freedom reigns beneath no frosty skies,
Altars and homes most sacred are their ties.
When our word in friendship is plighted,
It binds like triple steel.
When our shores the stranger has sighted,
How eager grows his keel!
O Mighty God, in thanks we pray,
Guide thou our feet in Duty's sterner way,
Guide thou our feet in Duty's sterner way.

Austin Bradley S.J.

The above lines have been declared by people who are in a position to judge, to fit exactly the French music of "O Canada," our national anthem. It will be remembered that our English version of this patriotic song is a translation from the French. Moreover, the words of the song we have the pleasure of publishing come much nearer to those of the French original.

First Year Arts

(BY TWO WHO KNOW)

Frederick Seiferling,—First Year Arts is noted for its hard-working students—so they say. But even if "*scinduntur doctores*," all agree that Fred is one of the hardest pluggers in the college. His efforts bring good results, too, for the weekly tests find him nearly always among the first. He carries to the grid-iron the same tactics that he follows in the class-room, and many a rash opponent has judged his ability by his size, only to be sadly and speedily undeceived.

Victor Draftenza,—Although only beginning the Arts Course, "Doc" is our philosopher. Yet, unlike the sages of yore, his wisdom is seasoned with a never failing wit. His remarks are usually interspersed with quotations from Shakespeare, of whom he is an ardent admirer. Recently, he has acquired fame as an interpreter of the Thespian art. During his three years at Campion, Victor has won many friends and but one sworn enemy—the rising bell, which ever calls to his lips these lines from Shelley's "Ode to Night,"

"When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee."

Joseph Beauchamp,—Sometimes called "little Joe," by the law of contraries, no doubt, for he is six foot two. Joe goes to extremes in every way. He is the tallest man in class, studies his hardest, and plays hockey and tennis with the best. One of Campion's foremost hockey stars, his stick-handling is generally admitted to be "quick, skilful, and deadly." On the courts, he wields a wicked racket, and as president of the debating society, he handles the gavel with equal poise and assurance.

Joseph Bergl,—Our other "Joe" is nearly as short as his namesake above. This citizen of the "Queen of the Prairies" is addicted to the study of Cicero

and to the utterance of cryptic remarks which he has sometimes been heard to confide in a stage-whisper to his neighbor, Smith-Mullin, during the sacred hours of class. Joe is said to delight in Algebra and Geometry, though who started this rumor we have not yet been able to discover.

Karl Zurowski,—The kings in the middle ages had no advantage over us. They had their jesters; we have our Karl. There is a tinge of romance in his make-up, which accounts for his blushes and winning smiles. These latter are sometimes startlingly audible at the wrong time. His friends would begin to feel alarmed for his health did a day, or even an hour, pass by without some joke or prank from Karl. On the baseball team he catches anything and everything—that Jimmie Carr hurls over the plate or near it.

John Mildenberger,—Kendal claims as its own this quiet, steady, unassuming youth. His gentle ways have won him a place in the hearts of all, while his persevering labors in class and study are appreciated by every one. John has a natural bent for mechanical sciences and it is whispered by fame that he can almost run a Ford with naught save a pint of water and a monkey-wrench.

Gerald Richard,—"Richie," from the Mill City, is popular. His ties are always the latest and his trousers the widest, but nevertheless he takes part in all college activities. His worth as a hockey and rugby player, though already considerable, is demonstrated more forcefully in each game he plays. He is a star in basketball and headed the league this year with a vast number of scores to his credit. His talents as a debater and an actor are also well known. In study he needs most of his time to answer the

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letters from his many admirers, so he is hard put to it to do his class-work.

Emile Jodoin,—We sometimes wonder if anything could make “Judy” worry. His happy-go-lucky spirit gives him the courage to smile even before an exam. By trade and reputation, Emile is a card-shark, and even a run of hard luck cannot long keep him out of the game. Being stout of stature, he refrains from athletics. Nevertheless, he is a good boxer with a

Cyril Parker,—This ingenuous youth hails from Simpson, whence he appeared in our midst after the Christmas holidays. He always holds a good hand at cards and is said to be an adept in the mysteries of ping-pong. He has remarked more than once that Latin does him more harm than good, but here we are forced to disagree with him. It has certainly not impaired his quiet good humor, which is proverbial: Cyril has



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powerful punch, as some have learned by intimate contact.

Marcel Haran,—Marcel really has worked hard, at times. One of his official duties is to make sure that the bell-ringer does not delay the signal for the end of class. He spends most of his studies reading Cicero and other writers—mainly others. He is a lover of basketball, and his performance on the diamond betrays in him the makings of a real star destined to shine some day in a big-league town.

never yet been known to lose his temper or his smile.

Adam Giesinger,—Our sacristan and class leader, as well as one of our most reliable debaters. Adam has been accused of delving into the “*Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayáyim” when he should be admiring Horace’s “*monumentum aere perennius*.” But so far these occasional lapses have had no evil effect on either his recitations or his tests. While not athletically inclined, he is usually on

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hand to give our teams the moral support of his presence and encouragement.

Irvin Smith-Mullin,—This other half of Regina's quota to First Year Arts has a store of wit all his own. Even in his most serious moments there gleams o'er his features that elusive smile which the camera has so fortunately caught and reproduced. 'Tis maintained that the profound saying "So's your old man" was first uttered in Champion's halls of learning by friend Irvin. When the weather permits he studies a great deal and on fine days he always wears that knowing look which counts for so much in recitations.

Frederick Guilloux,—This mature looking young man, said to have a taste for literature and tobacco, is sometimes quite as serious as he appears. While he does not carry off the class honors, his name is never among those of the rear guard. Rumor has it that during his spare time, in the solitude of a deserted class-room, he does dreadful things to a violin. The shrieks and wailings that issue from his retreat seem to bear out this impression.

Francis Gingras,—A good worker and a first rate athlete is "Lefty." His attentiveness in the class-room and his unremitting application in the study-hall have made him one of our class leaders. On the ice, he is Champion's star goal keeper and his spectacular net guarding has in a large measure been responsible for many triumphs of the Maroon and White. Francis is a prominent member of the debating society, of which he has been secretary-treasurer for the past three terms. He is not without a sense of humor, as is attested by an occasional unexpected snicker.

George Runge,—Very unobtrusive in his place at the back of the class-room, George has compelled our attention by his constant hard work and his success

in his studies. In recreation, his pleasant manners have made him many friends, although this is only his first year with us. His favorite sport is basketball, where his heavy scoring helped to carry his team to the championship. In hockey and rugby he takes his place among the rooters and does good work by cheering our men to victory.

John Helfrick,—Jack left the haunts of Sedley this year for Champion College. He plays baseball with a vim that is refreshing to behold. Like so many others in our year, he works well, but the city proves too alluring for him on some half-holidays. A portion of his spare time he spends at the piano in the music hall whence issue

"soft Lydian airs
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

Adam Giesinger, '29.

Gerald Richard, '29.



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SANCTUARY SOCIETY OF ST. JOHN BERCHMANS

The Sanctuary Society of St. John Berchmans

The purpose of the Sanctuary Society of St. John Berchmans is to train boys for the service of the altar. To minister to the priest at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is a singular privilege. It means that the server is closely associated with the performance of the sacred liturgy and in the dialogue of the prayers, he is the representative of the faithful present at the holy sacrifice. He co-operates as closely as it is possible for layman to co-operate, in the sublimest act of worship on earth. Were angels capable of envying mortal men in anything, next to coveting the power of the priesthood to offer the august Victim of the altar, they would covet the honor of the acolyte who ministers at Mass.

Bl. Thomas More, who next to the sovereign, occupied the highest position of dignity in the kingdom, counted himself happy indeed when he could lay

aside his robes of state and serve Mass for the humblest priest. Rebuked one day by the king, Henry VIII, for thus demeaning himself as though he were acting unworthily of his exalted office, the chancellor was quick with this edifying reply: "Sire, it is an honor for me to serve in your Majesty's court. Surely it is a greater one to serve in that of the King of Kings." When one knows this one does not wonder that this great man, statesman and philosopher of the first rank, deserved to add to these passing glories the eternal one of a martyr's crown.

The Sanctuary Society that is placed under the patronage of St. John Berchmans owes its origin to the zeal of a Slav Jesuit Father of what is now Czecho-Slovakia who secured not only the approbation of the Holy Father, Pius IX, for the Society he had estab-

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lished, but also precious indulgences for its members. One of these, the plenary indulgence to be gained on each of the five Sundays preceding the feast of St. John Berchmans, November 26th, was extended to all the faithful observing the usual conditions by Leo XIII.

St. John Berchmans is a fit patron for such a Society. As a little boy it was his greatest joy to serve Mass every morning, sometimes even several Masses the same morning. His devotion, modesty and decorum were the delight of all who beheld him serving at the altar or taking part in any sacred function. This fervor he never lost. Later on at Rome, when he was a scholastic in the Society of Jesus, this modest and pious behavior of his when in Church gave rise to an interesting little episode. A well known gentleman in Rome was observed in constant attendance at the services in the Jesuit Church there. One of the fathers remarked to him his happiness at seeing him present so regularly. The gentleman replied, "I come often,

Father, because I am so charmed with the sight of that scholastic over there at prayer. It is beautiful to watch him at his devotions, he is totally oblivious of everything that is passing on about him and utterly absorbed in prayer."

The inception of the Sanctuary Society of St. John Berchmans at Campion is due to the initiative of Rev. Leo Burns S.J., who was its first Moderator. Under his direction a little group of students was gathered together in 1921 to form the nucleus of the present Society. Ever since, the organization has flourished under the protection of its heavenly patron, and it has always been the ambition of the Sanctuary boys at Campion to catch something of St. John Berchmans' attitude in the performance of their sacred duties and enter seriously into the meaning of their service at the altar. Under his good patronage we may hope that Campion will send out men who will always edify by devout behavior at Mass.

Lester Foley, '30.



THE CHAPEL

DIARY

First of all, a brief record of some happenings at Campion between the going to press of our first Review and the close of the school year 1924-1925.

May 24th.—Junior baseball team tries to arrange a game for tomorrow with Moose Jaw. Failing in this, they enter the Fort Qu'Appelle Tournament.

May 25th.—Juniors defeated at Fort Qu'Appelle 4-3. The choir goes with them to the Fort and gives an entertainment at the Sanatorium. In spite of our defeat every one has a good time.

May 26th.—Seniors defeated by Regina College 11-9.

May 28th.—Most of the athletes are training for the Regina Boys' Fair Field Day and spend the afternoon running, jumping and hurdling.

May 30th.—Half holiday on account of Field Day, which is held at the Exhibition Grounds. Campion boys take the bulk of the prizes, including two medals, one going to Jim Conlon, the other to Tony Vogt. The first, second and third ribbons were too numerous to count. "The Campion" came out today. Every one delighted with it.

May 31st.—"The Campion" is the main topic of conversation.

June 3rd.—Juniors play the Argos and defeat them 11-5.

June 4th.—Roller-skating at the Arena.

June 5th.—We are beginning to realize that the exams. are close at hand. Everybody is getting down to serious study.

June 9th.—The weather is fine, and we all go to the lake for a dip.

June 13th.—Class ends at 3.45. We go swimming. Everybody freezes!

June 19th.—Examinations begin!

June 22nd.—First Year writes Geography and then leaves for home.

June 24th.—Second Year writes Grammar and leaves for home. Third and Fourth Years have the blues.

June 25th.—The remaining boys form a singing club to drive away the blues. After each exam. they sit under the trees and sing. Imagine Lepinski singing!

June 28th.—Swimming and boating. A foretaste of vacations.

June 30th.—The last exam! Latin for both classes. Everybody busy packing his trunk and preparing to leave. By three o'clock nearly all have bid their comrades and professors good-bye, and the long sighed for vacations begin.

Scholastic Year 1925-1926.

Sept.—15th.—College opens once more. Most of the old boys back, and also many new ones.

Sept. 16th.—*Schola Brevis*. Reading of the promotion lists! A few are disappointed.

Sept. 17th.—We begin to study our lessons—and our new teachers.

Sept. 20th.—A change in the Regulations disappoints the younger boys. Only Arts men and Third Year High are allowed to go down town on Sunday afternoons. The others must grow some more.

Sept. 21st.—Rain! Rain! Rain!

Sept. 24th.—Still raining. What's wrong with the weather?

Sept. 26th.—We watch the Pats trim the Tigers 5-2.

Sept. 27th.—At a meeting of the Senior Rugby team, Mike Leboldus is elected manager and Sinnott Macdonald re-elected captain.

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Sept. 28th.—It starts to snow! Hockey sheiks look hopeful.

Sept. 29th.—Roller-skating at the Arena.

Oct. 1st.—Weather too cold for sports, so we go roller-skating.

Oct. 2nd.—Jack Lee and Jules Caouette arrive. Sodality members meet in the evening to elect officers.

Oct. 3rd.—Smokers favor southern end of sidewalk—before it rains!

Oct. 4th.—German students go to concert at St. Mary's hall.

Oct. 7th.—Rev. Father Evans, parish priest, of Oxford, gives an illustrated lecture on England, its churches and colleges. In the evening he gives another on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. All appreciate them very much.—The Annual Retreat begins at three o'clock. Preached by Rev. Father McManus, S.J. Silence will be observed from tomorrow morning on.

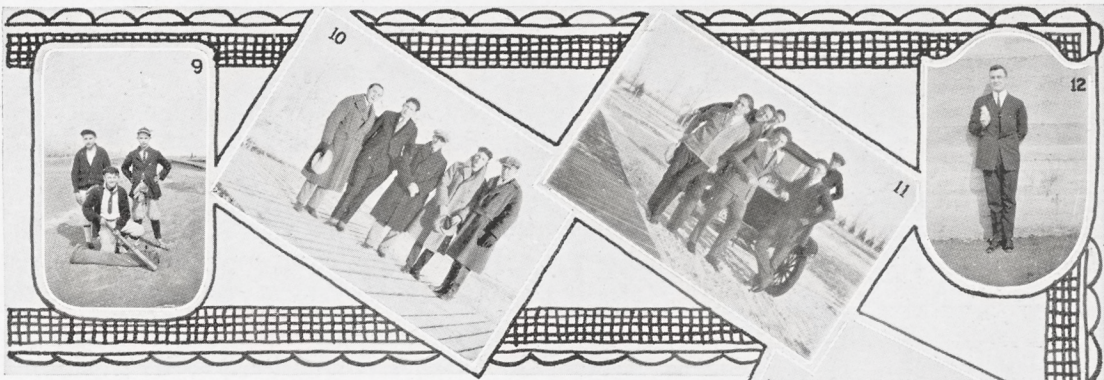
Oct. 11th.—Close of the Retreat. High Mass sung by Father Féré. New boys are enrolled in the Scapular. Rugby players start practice. In the evening they assemble in the Philosophers' smoker, where Rev. Father A. Bradley gives them an interesting talk with valuable hints on rugby tactics.

Oct. 12th.—Rain. Signal practice indoors for rugby players. Kartush arrives!!!

Oct. 13th.—Arts men go to hear Meighen speak at the Stadium.

(1) A Few Song Birds. (2) Part of Junior Dormitory. (3) Strike One! (4) Getting the Courts Ready. (5) T. Walsh, Highest Scorer Junior Basketball. (6) Second Arts Physics. (7) Library and Reading Room. (8) G. Richard, Highest Scorer Senior Basketball.

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Oct. 15th.—First and second Senior teams play the first game of the season.

Oct. 17th.—Weekly test is held during the first two periods. Then we go to see the Pats trim the Tigers 11-5.

Oct. 18th.—Debating society holds first meeting. Officers elected after canvassing all week. Fourth Year Party defeats Third Year Party.

Oct. 19th.—Signal practices for senior team every recreation to be in shape for tomorrow's game.

Oct. 20th.—Seniors defeat Regina College 11-1. After the game, they attend a banquet at St. Mary's Hall.

Oct. 27th.—First skating of the season, on a pond near Lake Wascana.

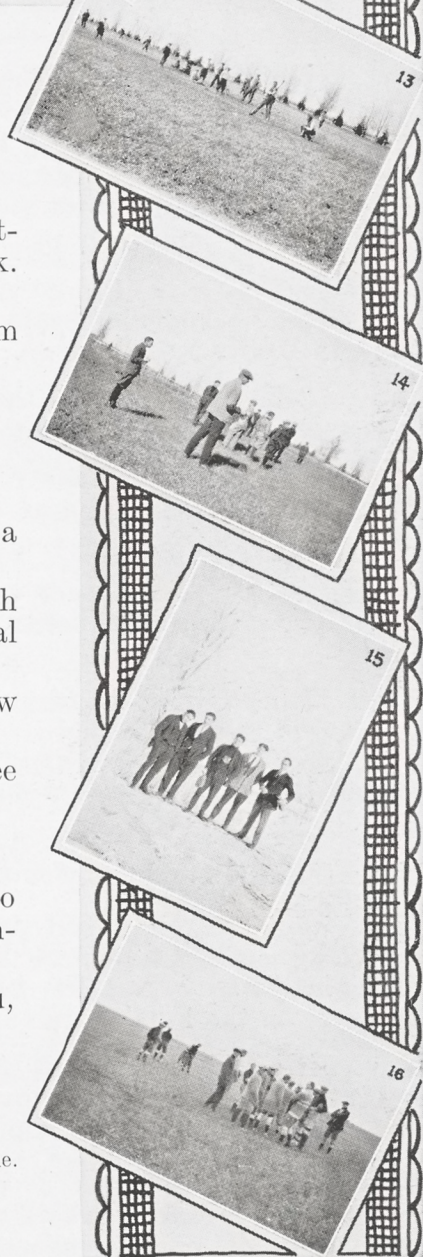
Oct. 29th.—Science room is crowded with young politicians listening in on the Federal election returns.

Oct. 30th.—Lepinski pulls in. We have now one hundred boarders.

Oct. 31st.—Hallowe'en. Half holiday to see Moose Jaw and the Pats play rugby. Moose Jaw loses 7-0. Dramatic and musical entertainment in the evening. "The House of Quiet" is enjoyed by all. Those of the smaller boys who have not yet outgrown their mischievous instincts attempt to play some tricks.

Nov. 4th.—His Grace, Archbishop Mathieu, visits the College and gives us a much appreciated holiday.

(9) Juvenile Baseball "Stars." (10) Some of our Seniors. (11) Philosophers with Roger's Coupe. (12) Judy and his Ice Cream Cone. (13) A Game of "Scrub." (14) Watching the Game. (15) More Seniors. (16) Just Before the Game, Council of War.



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Nov. 5th.—We go to the play, "The Man from Toronto," at Holy Rosary Hall.

Nov. 7th.—We put up the rink.

Nov. 9th.—Thanksgiving Day. Whole holiday. Skating and hockey on the lake in the morning. After dinner we go to a rugby game. The Pats beat Saskatoon 31-1!

Nov. 10th.—Skating on the Wascana gives the "sheiks" a chance to "step out."

Nov. 11th.—Archbishop Sinnott, of Winnipeg, and Archbishop Béliveau, of St. Boniface, together with the Rt. Rev. Abbot Ott, of Muenster, pay us a visit. His Grace of Winnipeg touches every one's heart by granting us a whole holiday.

Nov. 12th.—Campion beats Regina College 18-0. Everybody stars.

Nov. 13th.—Friday the thirteenth! Brings us no worse luck than a snow storm.

Nov. 14th.—Whole holiday. We go to see the Winnipeg Tigers defeat the Regina Seniors 11-1.

Nov. 16th.—The boys begin to flood the rink.

Nov. 17th.—Owing to the splendid reputation of the Senior rugby team it is hard to arrange games for them. Finally the Collegiate accepts our challenge. We are to play Thursday.

Nov. 19th.—Campion defeats Regina Collegiate 5-3.

Nov. 21st.—Kritz is presented with an autographed rugby ball for being the best player on the Pats' team.

Nov. 24th.—Entertainment given by the Philosophers: Music, movies and songs. We enjoy it all immensely, especially the songs.

Nov. 25th.—Feast of St. Catherine, patron saint of philosophers. Whole

holiday begun by a special Mass for them. They have a banquet at one o'clock. No one ill!

Nov. 27th.—The College rink opens. Good-bye, Wascana!

Nov. 29th.—Senator has difficulty with his Ford.

Dec. 1st.—Campion Day. Celebrated in various ways.

Dec. 3rd.—Senator takes hockey team down to Arena in his Ford. They finally get there.

Dec. 8th.—Feast of the Immaculate Conception. High Mass sung by Rev. Fr. Féré.

Dec. 12th.—Thirteen new members received into the Sodality by Rev. Fr. McManus. Philosophers write their first exam.

Dec. 15th.—Second Year Arts men are looking glum today. They have started their half yearly exams.

Dec. 19th.—First Arts are congratulated by their Mathematics Professor on the results of their Trigonometry Test!

Dec. 21st.—Christmas Holidays begin.

Jan. 7th, 1926.—Here we are again, boys! Several new men begin the second term with us.

Jan. 8th.—Every one trying out his New Year's Resolutions in class and study.

Jan. 12th.—Juniors and Seniors have a practice game at the Arena.

Jan. 17th.—A number of boys walk to Rowatt and back. They enjoy themselves but find the town isn't big enough to get lost in.

Jan. 19th.—Seniors practise at the Stadium.

Jan. 20th.—Campion defeats Regina College in a fast game played at the Arena, 3-0.

Jan. 23rd.—Campion beats the Normal team 8-1, on College rink.

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Jan. 25th.—Senior hockey team elects Macdonald captain. We go to the Stadium to see the Vics defeat Brandon 5-1.

Jan. 28th.—Seniors defeat "Leader" 12-4, in what the papers call a "hectic fray."

Jan. 30th.—Players and rooters motor to Wilcox, where they defeat the town's senior team by a score of 7-5. All enjoyed both the game and the trip.

Feb. 1st.—Forty Hours' Devotion begins with High Mass sung by Rev. Fr. Rector. Great zeal and serious piety shown by the boys who watch with the Blessed Sacrament through the long hours of the night.

Feb. 2nd.—Feast of the Purification. Brother Laflamme takes his last vows in College Chapel.

Feb. 3rd.—High Mass closes Forty Hours' Devotion.

Feb. 4th.—The College team motors to Qu'Appelle and plays a 7-7 tie with the 16th Light Horse team there.

Feb. 6th.—Entertainment in Auditorium to celebrate Brother Laflamme's Vow Day with songs, declamations and movies.

Feb. 7th.—Second term elections in Debating Society.

Feb. 9th.—Our Orchestra plays at Holy Rosary Hall for a K. of C. smoker.

Feb. 10th.—Senior hockey team allowed out to see Falcons and Qu'Appelle play at the Stadium. Falcons win 3-1.

Feb. 11th.—First Year Arts students attend Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" at the Normal School.

Feb. 12th.—Meeting of the Senior Basketball League. Election of Captains Carr, Grad and Tomecko.

Feb. 13th.—The mail is heavy with Valentines. Some boys are happy, some disappointed, and most of them perplexed. Who is she? Seniors play their

first game of basketball. Carr's team defeats Tomecko's 6-3.

Feb. 16th.—Junior hockey team sees the game between Pats and Falcons. Falcons defeated 8-1.

Feb. 18th.—Wilcox plays us at the Stadium. Champion wins again 4-1.

Feb. 20th.—Seniors lose their first game to the 18th Battalion Team by a score of 4-2. Students of the different classes have been going this week to hear Robert Mantell in those of Shakespeare's plays which happen to be part of their respective programmes of study.

Feb. 22nd.—Rev. Father Provincial stops at Champion on his way to Vancouver.

Feb. 23rd.—Basketball. Carr vs. Grad. 18-8 for Grad's team. We have either a junior or senior game of basketball six nights a week.

Feb. 25th.—Champion overwhelms "Leader" team 9-0.

Feb. 27th.—Champion plays a tie game with 18th Battalion 1-1.

March 4th.—Very windy. Those who go down town leave their hats at home. Tough luck for sheiks!

March 6th.—Juniors play a lively game of basketball.

March 8th.—Rev. Fr. Provincial visits Champion on his return from the Coast.

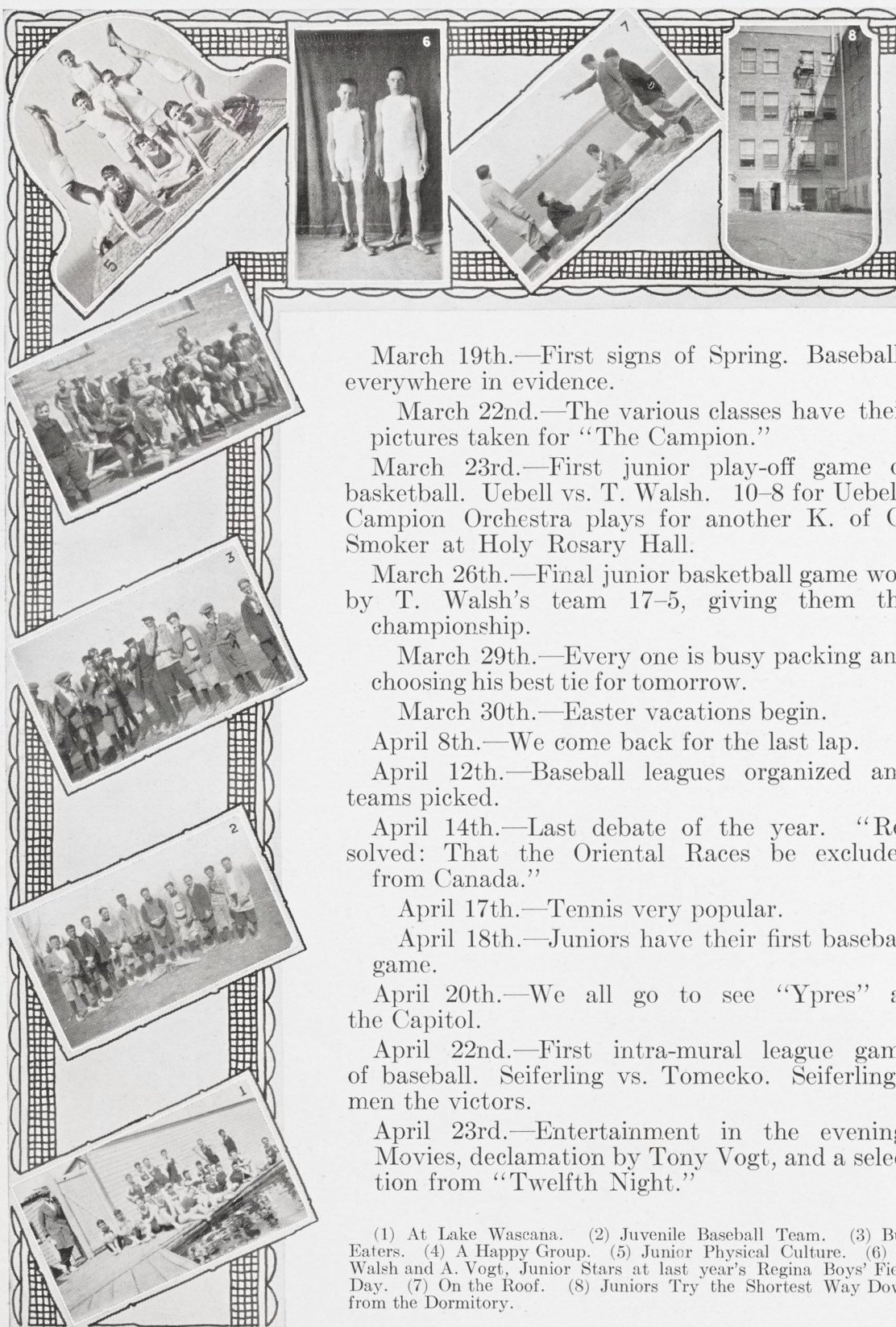
March 11th.—Pick-up game between two junior teams at the Arena.

March 12th.—A very interesting talk by Rev. Fr. Provincial on our Canadian Martyrs. Veneration of their relics.

March 15th.—Everybody goes to see "The Will o' the Wisp" at Holy Rosary Hall.

March 16th.—Seniors turn holy and try to sing "Deo Gratias" to the morning call of "Benedicamus Domino." Disastrous results!

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March 19th.—First signs of Spring. Baseballs everywhere in evidence.

March 22nd.—The various classes have their pictures taken for "The Campion."

March 23rd.—First junior play-off game of basketball. Uebell vs. T. Walsh. 10-8 for Uebell. Campion Orchestra plays for another K. of C. Smoker at Holy Rosary Hall.

March 26th.—Final junior basketball game won by T. Walsh's team 17-5, giving them the championship.

March 29th.—Every one is busy packing and choosing his best tie for tomorrow.

March 30th.—Easter vacations begin.

April 8th.—We come back for the last lap.

April 12th.—Baseball leagues organized and teams picked.

April 14th.—Last debate of the year. "Resolved: That the Oriental Races be excluded from Canada."

April 17th.—Tennis very popular.

April 18th.—Juniors have their first baseball game.

April 20th.—We all go to see "Ypres" at the Capitol.

April 22nd.—First intra-mural league game of baseball. Seiferling vs. Tomecko. Seiferling's men the victors.

April 23rd.—Entertainment in the evening. Movies, declamation by Tony Vogt, and a selection from "Twelfth Night."

(1) At Lake Wascana. (2) Juvenile Baseball Team. (3) Bun Eaters. (4) A Happy Group. (5) Junior Physical Culture. (6) F. Walsh and A. Vogt, Junior Stars at last year's Regina Boys' Field Day. (7) On the Roof. (8) Juniors Try the Shortest Way Down from the Dormitory.

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April 24th.—Rector's Day. Half holiday. Second Arts men finish their exams. and most of them leave immediately.

April 26th.—Representatives of the Campion Junior team attend a meeting of the Regina Junior Baseball League and enter their team in the League.

April 29th.—Juniors play Regina College Seniors and tie them 8-8.

May 1st.—Juniors win first league game from Falcons 10-7.

May 3rd.—Juveniles beat Regina Rags 17-6.

May 5th.—Juveniles again defeat the Rags 10-8. Our Philosophers leave. First Year Arts men feel very important now!

May 6th.—Juniors win from Caps 5-3, in their second league game.

May 8th.—Half holiday, but—it rains!

May 10th.—Juveniles lose to Tigers 8-9.

May 11th.—Juniors continue the good work by defeating Red Sox 17-3. The Juveniles go them one better by winning from the Rags to the tune of 18-2. Keep it up, Campion!

May 13th.—Juniors win their fourth league game from the Shamrocks by a score of 6-5.

May 16th.—Juniors motor to Vibank and are there defeated 4-2 by the Senior team of the town.

May 18th.—Juniors win from Pirates 6-2. Juveniles lose to Giants 12-6.

Gerald Richard '29.
Gerald Lenhard '30.

(9) Cyril has Some Load! (10) Tennis. (11) A Fan. (12) An Ornamental Sign-post. (13) "Seif" Hard at Work. (14) Cubs Hockey Team. (15) Junior Baseball Team. (16) Part of Senior Dormitory.



THE NEW SHRINE AT FORT STE. MARIE

The Shrine of Our Martyrs

AS the pilgrim stands on a little hill amidst the rolling countryside of Simcoe County, but a few miles inland from the southern shores of Georgian Bay, and as he gazes on the rising structure of the Shrine of the Canadian Martyrs, his thoughts are carried back nearly three hundred years to the time when another shrine stood there at old Fort Ste. Marie. There were then no farms

where a stranger could find rest and food, only the virgin forest where dusky Indians roamed, where dangers lurked on every side. In all our vast Dominion, there were only a few French villages, of which Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal were the chief, and these were separated from one another by vast stretches of forest. In these villages the inhabitants were in constant danger of massacre by the savage Indians. So great was the peril, so fast could these savages swoop down upon a village and destroy and kill, that men, while they worked in the fields, had to have soldiers

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to protect them. Montreal was the outpost of the French settlements. All the rest of the country was still a wilderness. Part of this vast territory was occupied by a few Indian tribes, the chief of which were the cruel and warlike Iroquois, who lived south of the French, and the Hurons, who lived near what is now Lake Huron and Georgian Bay. These two tribes were continually at war.

In 1625, to the Huron nation came the Jesuit Black Robes. These people were chosen to be the first to hear of Christianity because they were friendly to the French and were the least uncivilized and most populous of all the Indian tribes. When they came with their furs to the French trading-post at Three Rivers, they were persuaded to take the missionaries back with them to their own country.

The journey up the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, and down the French River and Georgian Bay to the Huron country was a dangerous one in those days when the traveller had to paddle a distance of about seven hundred miles full of perils from the rapids and from the hidden foe in the forests along the route. For the missionaries, however, there were added to these dangers the discomforts of their mode of travel and of close association with their savage and uncouth companions.

After the journey, the most difficult part of their task began. The Indians at first thought the Black Robes had come to do them harm and they were suspicious and hostile; but when they saw with what earnestness and zeal the missionaries pursued their work, many of them began to listen to the doctrines of what was to them a new and strange religion. After years of hard labor almost the whole Huron nation was converted.

Now that the number of converts was large, more missionaries came to look after their spiritual welfare and soon arose the necessity of building a residence where the Fathers could have their

headquarters and to which the Indians could come for instruction. In 1639, under the supervision of Father Jogues, a building was erected and fortified to protect the missionaries and their flock from the Iroquois. It was called Fort Ste. Marie because it had been dedicated to Our Lady.

A short time after the erection of the Fort, the Iroquois became more troublesome than ever. They were always on the war-path and were now planning to wipe out the Huron nation entirely. The Hurons, although they surpassed the Iroquois in numbers, feared them because the Iroquois were a cruel, united and warlike foe. Accordingly the converts began to lead more zealous Catholic lives. They came in great numbers to the Fort, and soon pilgrimages of devotion were made. To encourage them in this good practice and to show his interest in the work of the missionaries, Pope Urban VIII, in 1644, issued a brief granting a plenary indulgence to all who would make pilgrimages to Fort Ste. Marie. The central residence of the missionaries had become a shrine and the dusky converts even more than before gathered there to practice their devotions.

Then the crash came. The Iroquois overran the Huron country, destroyed the villages and massacred the inhabitants. Father Brébeuf and some of his companions suffered martyrdom with the most horrible tortures at the hands of the savages. When the cruel conquerors left to celebrate their victories, the once powerful nation of the Hurons had practically disappeared. In 1650 the remaining missionaries led the little band down to Quebec, where they and their descendants remained, always faithful to the French. Scenes that had resounded to the voices of Christian neophytes raised in prayer were hushed in the silence of the wilderness. The land stained in the blood of martyrs slept a century-long night of forgetfulness.

But Fort Ste. Marie and the Huron country were not destined to be for-

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Our Martyrs

gotten. They were to be the object of interest to thousands. It was left for the British ploughman, when he cleared and cultivated his land in his newly-adopted country, to discover the relics of a nation that had existed two centuries before, to find the ruins of a fort which had been the center of a thriving missionary field. The discoverers knew nothing of the historical significance of these ruins, nothing of the Huron nation. In a few years, however, travellers and students who had learned its history flocked to the

spot. Year after year more interest was taken in the venerable site. Pilgrims gathered there to view the remains of the residence of those brave men who had spent their lives in the forest wilds converting savage Indians and who had suffered and died for the faith they were preaching.

On June 21, 1925, the very day when the Martyrs were being beatified at St. Peter's in Rome, Canadian and American pilgrims showed they had not forgotten old Fort Ste. Marie. A great throng gathered there to honor the holy men who had lived in it many years ago, and a splendid monument was erected on the very spot where the Fort had once stood. On June 27th of this year a large shrine, which is being built in honor of the Martyrs on a hill nearby, will be solemnly dedicated in the presence of thousands of pilgrims. This holy site will again be a place of pilgrimage.

Now that the Church has recognized the merits of the Canadian Martyrs by calling them Blessed, now that their heroic lives have been held up as an example to the whole world, His Holiness, Pope Pius XI has renewed the plenary indulgence granted by his predecessor, Urban VIII, to all who make pilgrimages to Fort Ste. Marie. Modern pilgrims may enjoy the same privileges which were given the Huron converts in the seventeenth century. Crowds of worshippers will again flock to the shores of Georgian Bay. Scenes of piety and devotion such as the missionaries witnessed long ago will again be re-enacted in our own times.

Adam Giesinger, '29.



SODALITY

By way of preface to this little article it may not be amiss briefly to record the beginnings of the Sodality of Campion.

According to the Diploma, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin of Campion College was aggregated to the Primary Sodality (Prima Primaria) at Rome, on December 11th, 1920, under the title of "The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin of the Purification and of St. Stanislaus." The first meeting, however, had taken place in the College Chapel, on Argyle Street, on December 5th, 1920, while the petition for aggregation was on its way to Rome, the sermon being preached by Rev. Father Gregory Féré S.J., its first Director.

Meetings were held in the Chapel every Sunday, and a sermon preached at each. For various reasons, however, no reception of candidates was held during the first year, although a large number of boys attended the meetings regularly. The last meeting of the year was held on June 12th, 1921.

The first meeting of the second year was held in the Chapel of the new College on Albert Street, December 4th, 1921, and meetings were held regularly every Sunday, the last taking place June 18th, 1922. At each meeting a hymn was sung and a sermon preached.

The first reception of candidates took place on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, 1921, and was presided over by the Director, Father Féré. At a subsequent meeting, some of the officers were elected, the first Prefect being Leon O'Connor. A second reception of candidates was held on June 1st, 1924.

The Sodalists continued under Father Féré's direction until the Autumn of 1924, when, as related in last year's "Campion," Rev. Father Thomas Lally S.J., took charge. This year, he was succeeded by Rev. Father Walter McManus S.J., our present Director.

On October 22nd, was held the first meeting of the Sodality for the scholastic year 1925-26, when the new officers were elected. Their names are as follows:

Prefect—Sinnot Macdonald.

Assistant Prefects—John Lee and Joseph Beauchamp.

Secretary Treasurer—George Grad.

Councillors—Herman Hengen, John Hoeschen, John Murphy, Bernard White, Francis Gingras and Frederick Seiferling.

Recorder—Gerald Richard.

Sacristans—Adam Giesinger and Lester Foley.

Organist—Leonard Kusch.

Throughout the year, meetings have been held regularly every Saturday evening at 5.45 o'clock, and the regular order of the "Little Office of the Blessed Virgin," followed by a short exhortation by Rev. Father Director, has been observed. On December 5th, a special meeting of the officers was held for the purpose of deciding what candidates were to be received into the Sodality. The ceremony of the reception of these new members took place on December 12th. Rev. Father McManus, the Director, presided, assisted by Sinnott Macdonald and Joseph Beauchamp. Thirteen candidates became members on that day. During the Forty Hours' Devotion, the Sodalists, as in preceding years, showed

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an edifying eagerness to prove their love for Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament by rising during the night to spend an hour of adoration in the presence of the God of the Eucharist.

The Sodalists understand what is meant by Devotion to the Blessed Virgin. They realize that the devout servant of Mary will never perish. They appreciate the power of her intercession before the throne of her Divine Son, and they believe that she is the channel through which flow Divine Grace and blessings of every kind from God to man. But their devotion to the Mother of God is not due merely to their confident expectation of the immense benefits that will accrue to them from their pious practices. They love and honor her because she is their Queen and their Mother, because she is Mary. It is their love for her

which has prompted them to pay her homage in more special ways. Of these, surely one of the most effective and the most pleasing to our Blessed Mother must be this little Sodality of ours, whose members assemble each week to sing her praises and to learn of her virtues that they may endeavor to practise them in their daily lives.

Such, then, is the "Sodality of the Blessed Virgin of the Purification and of St. Stanislaus." Its activities may not be spectacular or worthy of widespread comment, but they are most certainly very real. We may be sure that they have done much to foster in our hearts that love for Mary which all true Catholics feel and which has ever been found in a marked degree among the students of Campion College.

Bernard White '28



OFFICERS OF THE SCDALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY

Lay Retreats at Campion

IN order to appreciate more fully the work which was begun last summer at Campion College, it may be well to recall what is meant by a retreat. A retreat is the withdrawing for three or more days from the noise and distractions, the worries and perplexities of every-day life in order to be alone with oneself and Almighty God, occupied only with the supreme interests of the soul. It is a turning aside from things temporal to consider in the quiet of prayer and meditation, things eternal, and thus to measure and regulate one's life and actions according to truth and law. It is a time of spiritual discipline to put the soul in order, to take one's bearings in life's journey, to ponder and apply the fundamental principles of religion, to study the motives and ideals which make for the saving and upbuilding of life and character. It is, in fine, what St. Ignatius himself defined it, a series of "Spiritual Exercises by which man may learn to overcome himself and regulate his life without suffering himself to be influenced by any inordinate affection."

The retreat is, therefore, not merely a time of prayer, though prayer is essential, but it is eminently a time of work of heart and of will, whereby each one searches himself, "is exercised and his spirit renewed." The retreat is not a form of mission, nor is it made up of preaching and instruction. It is a direct and practical scheme of exercises logically linked together and applied by a skilful Director according to a definite order and precision of method, to the needs of the individual soul with a view to enlighten, to purify, to strengthen and to mould that soul and make it capable of that degree of perfection which according to the measure of God's grace it may attain. In this training school the master directs and commands, but the men themselves do the work.

Those who make a retreat have the example of their fellows for encouragement, the atmosphere of recollection, ample time and opportunity for thought and prayer, and the sustaining power and inspiration of the Blessed Sacrament, Mass and Holy Communion. It should not be imagined that there is anything of dryness or tedium about a retreat; on the contrary, the days are happily occupied and pass all too quickly, and the universal experience of retreatants is that the work is both easy and delightful. The order of the day allows enough free time for necessary recreation and relaxation, so that a three days' retreat, quite apart from its spiritual advantages, is also an excellent rest for the body.

It may then be asked who are those who should take advantage of these wonderful spiritual opportunities; who should make a retreat? There is no doubt of the answer. Every Catholic man should make a retreat once a year. There is no one who does not need it. All are invited, whatever may be their station or walk in life, and all are equally welcome.

To this every one is urged in no uncertain terms by Our Holy Father Pope Pius XI. "We earnestly wish," declares the Sovereign Pontiff in an Apostolical Letter, "that the making of these Spiritual Exercises should daily spread wider abroad; and that those Houses of Devotion into which men withdraw for a whole month, or for eight days, or for fewer, there to put themselves in training for the perfect Christian life, may come into being everywhere more and more numerous, and may flourish."

Most certainly the results of a good retreat are such as should inspire all right thinking men with the desire and determination to make one. By it the mind is enlightened—the will is strength-

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ened—the heart is inspired—the whole man is fortified. It is the testimony of all retreatants that the retreat has been the healthiest, happiest and most elevating experience of their lives. They come out from it wonderfully refreshed for the battle of life.

It is not surprising therefore that vast numbers of laymen throughout the world should now make it their custom to withdraw for a short while each year

Regina Council of the Knights of Columbus. Twenty-two in all made the retreat, which was preached by the Rev. Geo. F. Bradley, S.J., Rector of Campion College. The piety, fervor and earnestness with which the men entered into the spirit of the retreat were most edifying. Every one went away delighted and promising to return again. Here we let the men speak for themselves:



from the turmoil of every day life in order to increase and renew their spiritual strength. From England to Madagascar, from America to Australia, houses of retreat have sprung up everywhere and their numbers are ever on the increase. In Canada alone nearly 35,000 men have followed the Exercises within the past seventeen years.

Last summer Campion College began the work and the first laymen's retreat given in the Province of Saskatchewan took place at the College from August 27th to the 31st. It was organized by the

Knights of Columbus, Regina Council No. 1247.

Dear Father Rector,—

Please allow me to express my sincere appreciation of the pleasant and instructive course of exercises delivered by you on the occasion of the Laymen's Retreat held at Campion College, Regina, during August 27th-31st.

This is the first Laymen's Retreat of its kind held in the Province of Saskatchewan under the auspices of the Regina Council No. 1247 of the Knights of

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Columbus. Needless to say that the occasion was one thoroughly enjoyed by the retreatants, and the restful religious influence imparted during those pleasant days when we were guests of the Society of Jesus will linger like the fragrance of St. Theresa's roses.

I believe from what I can learn that it is the intention of those brothers of our Council who were unable to be



FATHER GEO. BRADLEY, S.J.
Rector of Campion College, who preached the
first Lay Retreat in Saskatchewan last Summer

present at this year's Retreat, that they will make every effort to actively participate in the 1926 K. of C. Laymen's Retreat.

In conclusion, I wish to thank you also as an officer of Regina Council No. 1247 of the Knights of Columbus, for the unselfish and untiring devotion shown to us by the members of the Society of Jesus in residence at Campion College and for the real happiness we experienced during those delightful days which intervened between August 27th to August

31st. We shall come again, but in larger numbers.

Yours obediently,

W. F. WINDEATT,
Financial Secretary.

Dear Father Rector,—

Kindly accept my sincere thanks for the privilege of attending the Lay Retreat at Campion College.

The Retreat, consisting of a three day schedule of religious exercises and instructions, interspersed with recreation, in quiet and inspiring surroundings, imparts to both soul and body a new vitality. In fact it gives one that stimulation that would come from a refreshing rest during a long tedious journey across an unfriendly country.

The man who says that he is too busy to make such a Retreat has uttered one of the strongest reasons why he should make it.

Let me again assure you of my deep appreciation of the work of yourself in inaugurating these Retreats and also the kindly consideration of yourself and assistants towards those making the Retreat.

Yours obediently,

THOS. M. MOLLOY.

My Dear Father Bradley,—

The series of instructions or "talks" that you gave throughout the Retreat, were wonderful, and I venture to say that, had more of our Catholic men any small idea of the intense devotion that can be taken in a Retreat of this kind, certain sacrifices would be made to be in attendance.

Devoid of anything that is bordering on being tiresome, time passes unnoticed, and the interest with which new exercises are looked forward to is of a nature to be known only by those who make a similar Retreat.

Most sincerely,

FRANK J. CLARKE.

Obituary

Rev. Thos. Gorman S.J.

Reverend Father Thomas Gorman S.J., died in St. Joseph's Hospital, at Guelph, Ontario, in his sixty-fifth year, on the evening of Sunday, January 31st, after three months' illness.

Father Gorman will be remembered with affection by those students who were at Campion College last year when he was professor of mathematics here.

The deceased was born at Norwood, Ontario, on December 10th, 1861, and entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Montreal on December 31st, 1886. After the usual course of studies he was ordained priest in 1898 by the Most Reverend Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal.

Most of Father Gorman's life, as a Jesuit, was spent in college work. He taught for short periods at St. Mary's College, Montreal; at St. Boniface, and here at Campion, but chiefly at Loyola College, Montreal, where he spent twelve years. He had a remarkable talent for mathematics, but he was also a successful teacher of the classics. He was considered a good theologian despite the handicap of continued ill-health during all the years of his studies.

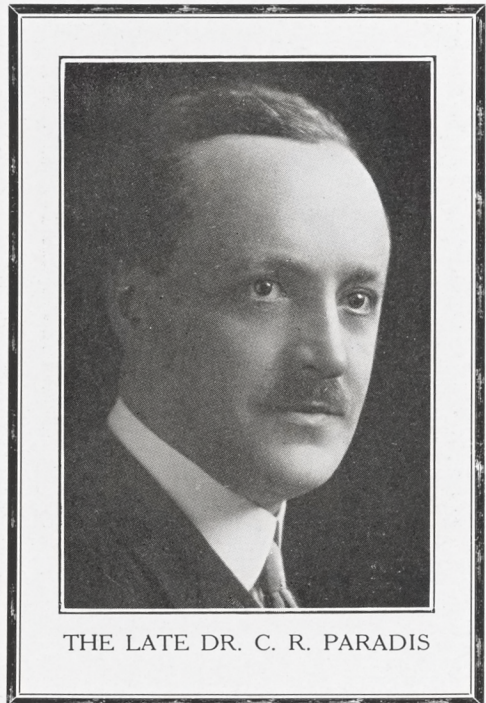
Father Gorman did parish work as assistant at the Church of Our Lady, Guelph; at St. Ignatius, Sault Ste. Marie; at St. Patrick's Church, Fort William, and at St. Ignatius, Winnipeg.

He had charge for a time of the English-speaking parishioners of the Immaculate Conception parish, Montreal, and helped to prepare the way for the erection of the Parish of St. Dominick. He was also the first parish priest of St. Ignatius, Montreal, the parish attached to Loyola College.

Father Gorman was a very zealous and devoted priest of a remarkable spirit of faith and tender piety. He was also a life-long sufferer from acute stom-

ach trouble that made him constantly look forward to death as a release. He was not attached to life and looked to Eternity. A happy death, prepared by a lingering illness borne with fortitude, has now come to crown a life of suffering as well of devotion in the service of the Lord.

Dr. C. R. Paradis



THE LATE DR. C. R. PARADIS

On January 6th occurred at Rimouski, P.Q., the death of Dr. Charles Rudolphe Paradis, one of the earliest friends and benefactors of Campion College. Dr. Paradis had been ill for several months and it was with the hope of regaining his health that he had reluctantly given up his work for a while and decided to go abroad with his wife and family. Before embarking on the S.S. "Arabic," which was to take him to his destination in the South of France, he had gone to visit his

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mother in Rimouski, and it was here that death overtook him.

The mournful tidings brought sorrow to many a home in Regina, where his sterling worth as an outstanding citizen, a skilful surgeon and a fervent Catholic was highly appreciated by all. On Campion the blow fell with special severity, for Dr. Paradis had long proved himself a devoted friend to our college. As college physician and surgeon, he had for years treated our sick with a skill that was equalled only by his untiring self-sacrifice. The students will not soon forget the interest he took in their sports and the encouragement and support he gave them so repeatedly and so unstintingly.

Dr. Paradis was born only forty years ago in Chicago, Illinois. From there his parents sent him to Quebec Seminary for his education. Later he attended Laval University and the University of Paris. He also served as intern in the Necker hospital in Paris for several years. In 1912, he came to Regina, where he soon rose to that prominence in professional and social circles which makes his loss so universally regretted.

"The Campion" joins its voice to those of his many friends in offering its sincerest condolences to his bereaved wife and children and it assures them that Campion boys will long remember in their prayers the good friend that they have lost.

Herman S. J. Righetti

The older students remember with the kindest feelings Herman S. J. Righetti, who died of pneumonia at the Grey Nuns' Hospital on the morning of March 8th, 1923. A shadow of sorrow and bereavement was cast over the latter part of the second term by the death of this most promising student. His contemporaries at College, especially those who were in Third Year at the time, realized that in losing Herman they had lost a friend whose character had

won for him a place of distinction among his comrades. In the year and a half that Herman spent at Campion he endeared himself to all by his fervent piety and gentlemanly conduct.

During his illness he prayed fervently, asking God to spare him, that he might follow in His footsteps here below. But God did not wish our companion to join the ranks of His elect on earth: He had a still greater gift for him—a mansion in the spacious kingdom of Heaven.

His former comrades at Campion will always cherish his memory with affection, and they confidently pray that he may now be enjoying the eternal rest he so nobly deserved.

Gilbert Rimmer

Those who were at Campion in the pioneer days will always remember with affection Gilbert Rimmer, who, one of the first students of our College, was also the first of our number to be called to his reward.

Gilbert Anthony Houghton Rimmer was born at Ottawa, Ontario, on November 22, 1903, but lived his life in Saskatchewan. His primary education was at St. Joseph's Convent, Forget, Sask. After a period of private tutorship, he came to Campion College in 1918, the first year of Campion's existence. Only a short time afterwards he was stricken with influenza, the dread epidemic that was then everywhere claiming countless victims. Though some months later he returned to college, he had not recovered his old time vigor, and in August, 1919, he succumbed to an attack of appendicitis.

During his all too brief stay at Campion, Gilbert by his many good qualities, had won a secure footing in the hearts of both students and faculty. A leader of his class, a lover of Latin and literature, he had the intellect of a possibly great man and the pure soul of a little child.

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Upon the occasion of his death, Rev. Father MacMahon, then Rector of Campion College, wrote to the bereaved parents: "He was one of our most promising students and I hoped that he would be spared to finish his course with us and be an honor to his parents and his teachers." His prefect and teacher wrote in the same strain: "In all sincerity I can say that I have never had a pupil who united in himself so many good qualities as our dear Gilbert. Docile and pious, filled with earnestness and perseverance, courteous and gentlemanly, he never gave me an instant of worry or concern during the time I was his prefect and teacher. I had learned to admire his sturdy conscientiousness and childlike piety; and had hoped for great things from him.

He idolized his parents, and their slightest wish was law to him."

Withal he was ever a boy full of life and spirits. He was keen on boy scouting, and would go out camping rather than sleep in his bed. During the War, he was president of the Junior Red Cross League, though he was but fourteen years of age.

But God saw fit to call unto himself this pure young soul, so noble and so promising. Though his comrades bow before the Wisdom of Divine Providence, they cannot but feel a pang of keen regret when they recall the early death of their young companion, and his brief sojourn in their midst will remain as one of the sweet and beautiful memories of their college days.

Francis Gingras, '29.



R. I. P.

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Lectures

The Sacrifice of the Mass

ON the evening of October 7th, Reverend Father C. E. Evans, parish priest of Oxford, England, gave us his interesting illustrated lecture on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The object of the lecture is to familiarize the Catholic laity with "the greatest act of man to God." Before he entered upon the main subject of his speech, Father Evans showed us many of the beautiful and picturesque scenes so often met with in the British Isles. It was intensely interesting to hear bits of little known history and legendary tales of quaint old England. During his talk on the Holy Mass, he enabled us to picture vividly in our minds the plight of Our Saviour on Mount Calvary, His terrible

sufferings and shameful death. Father Evans made us realize that without the Sacrifice of the Mass, the Catholic Church would be bereft of that which gives it its real significance, that while assisting at Mass, we behold the same supreme Sacrifice of Love that was offered on Mount Calvary so many years ago.

The students of Campion sincerely thank Father Evans for his beautiful lecture. It enlightened us and helped us more fully to appreciate some of the sacred and wonderful mysteries of our Religion. Father Evans may be certain that if he visits Campion again, he will meet with our heartiest greetings and welcome.

Francis Gingras, '29.

Hungary and its People.

January 19th was marked by the visit of Sister Margaret, the Superior of the Hungarian Sisters of Social Service in Canada. Sister Margaret is a native of Hungary and was formerly a member of parliament in that country. These Sisters of Social Service are a congregation of nuns who came to Canada for the purpose of carrying on social work of various kinds among the Hungarians in this country. One of their chief occupations at present is to secure funds for the erection of schools for the education of their compatriots' children. To procure assistance in this praiseworthy enterprise, Sister Margaret, whose place of residence is in Stockholm, Sask., has been delivering lectures in the various cities and towns of the province.

It was to hear such a lecture that the students assembled on the evening of the date above-mentioned. For nearly an hour and a half they had the pleasure of listening to Sister Margaret's descrip-

tion of her native land and its people, with their customs and traditions. The lecture, most interesting in itself, was further enhanced by a number of views of various scenes in Hungary. First, there were charming pictures of the ex-Empress Zita and her children, who are now exiled in Spain. A rare curiosity which was pictured on the screen is the ancient crown of St. Stephen, which is over a thousand years old. All the kings of Hungary and all the Austrian Emperors have been crowned with it since the time of the Saint.

Again, we saw the beautiful scenery of Budapest and its surrounding territory. The blue Danube flows through the city, dividing it into two parts called Buda and Pest. The magnificent buildings, sculptures, monuments, Houses of Parliament, and the royal palace gave us the impression of a land of peace and happiness. The costumes of both men and women

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are embroidered with beautiful lace and even the children appear richly dressed.

But with these scenes of contentment, were others of a depressing nature. By the Treaty of Versailles, after the Great War, much Hungarian territory was sacrificed to Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia and Rumania. Throngs of Magyars were driven from these countries and forced to seek shelter in what remained of Hungary. The result was that the cities became overcrowded and many families had to take up their abodes in shacks and even freight-cars. Every-

where were appalling conditions of misery. On the screen were thrown pictures of the dire distress of these unfortunate people, whose plight would have moved the hardest heart to pity.

In a collection which was taken up at the close of the lecture, the students offered Sister Margaret a generous donation as a token of their appreciation of the good work which is being carried on here in Canada by these devoted Sisters.

Basil Nicolle, '30.

Our Martyrs

While paying his annual visit to Campion, Reverend Father Provincial addressed the students on the subject of the Jesuit Martyrs. It happened that Father Provincial had in his possession some relics of the holy martyrs, a fact which contributed much to the keen interest the boys took in the lecture itself. Father Fillion gave us an interest-

ing and detailed story of the life and especially of the martyrdom of these holy men. He made us feel proud of these heroic Frenchmen who gave such glory to Christ's name in the New World. Immediately after the address, the boys were allowed to venerate the sacred relics of Canada's own martyrs.

Francis Gingras, '30.





Third Year High

Here we are at last!—Third Year! Why have we heard so much about this class? Is it the chalk they use there? Is it the teachers they have there? Is it the display of brains?—What is it? It must be the hard-working pupils!

“Yes . . . emphatically yes! It is the pupils. But no, most emphatically, no! Not the hard-working pupils. Why, the only time they work is at meals. Dusty-brained individuals who lack even the energy to sneeze. Slow, sleepy, dense, grinning dumb-bells!” That’s what you hear about poor little Third Year. Every teacher slams us, every body else pities us. And yet, folks, we go right straight ahead, warding off all slams and insults with bland and winning smiles.

They say they give us up as hopeless; they say we come to class in body, but leave our brains outside. But we don’t mind that. We are used to it. Besides, we are out of reach of all such slanderous shafts, for are we not vividly conscious of the fact that we are, all of us, very fine fellows?—Want proofs? Look around.

There is Jim Tomecko, a big, husky boy, clever, hard worker, always ready to help such as have not yet learned to use their brains. Jim is a good rugby player, and many an opponent has bumped into a part of the line which

seemed made of brick, only to retire rubbing his injured anatomy. Basketball is also a favorite sport of his.

Look around and see, hard at work, Monsieur Van Tighem, the thirteen-year-old grown-up. “Van” is a clever mathematician. A good puck-chaser and basketball player, his quiet and unobtrusive ways have endeared him to all.

Standing by the waste-paper basket, is seen Paul Roy, our champion gum chewer. He is at present discarding a flavorless “wad”—on request. Paul is a day scholar and an accomplished violinist—our orchestra’s mainstay.

While intent on studying Paul’s noble features, we are startled by a loud crash. Turning, we find it is only Jimmy Carr falling asleep “off” his desk. Jim is a fine boy of majestic—some have termed it “celestial”—appearance. Star pitcher for Campion, he is popular with all.

Next, we are interrupted by a wee, timid voice crying out in the intellectual wilderness. It is the voice of Master Wilfrid Brown. He is so small and has such a teeny voice that he has often been threatened to be crushed with a fly-swatter if he didn’t speak louder. But “actions speak louder than words,”

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claims Wilfrid; and he sure does get along in class. He promises to become a brilliant hockey player.

Another bang is heard, but not so loud this time. It is only a jack-knife. Well, what happened to it? It was dropped. And who dropped it? Oh, Tom Walsh, of course. Tom is just a little fellow who is everlastingly getting into trouble: he

spirits, ready to do his share in any thing that's going on. He has never been known to worry more than two seconds at a time. Wherefore, he lays claim to considerable popularity.

What's that rattling? Oh, that's Joe Uebell working his brains. "Chester's" brains don't rattle for nothing though, for if you want real brain-work done,



THIRD YEAR HIGH

loses a knife, or a door-knob, or a couple of dice every day. But he is clever, just the same, especially on the campus. All games interest him and in all of them he has become proficient.

While admiring the beauties of the class-room, we hear a loud laugh suddenly ring out. We find, upon investigation, that it proceeds from Selinger. They talk of "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind," but that does not apply in this case. "Sel" is an optimist, too, always in the best of

go to "Chester." He is about our cleverest. Hard to pluck, an aspiring Willie Hoppe, a good tennis player and a brilliant hockey goal-keeper, Joe has achieved a really enviable reputation among us.

A distinct smack causes us to turn again, and behold, we perceive Nicolle, close second in the gum-chewing contest. "Nick" is a real hard worker, and so is destined to meet with success in after life.

Let us introduce you now to our own Julian "Caesar" Gallant, brilliant op-

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opponent to Brown in many a kicking contest in class. Much success awaits him, for his very name must carry him through.

But who is the insistent and sharp-looking boy with his hands in his hair? Oh! You mean Lester Foley. An active person, Lester, and a member of all such organizations as Sodalities, Altar Boy Societies, etc. His favorite expression: "Would you like to serve?"

Be careful! Can't you see those feet? Follow up the clue—under two desks, over two chairs, they converge to a grinning care free looking fellow who is muttering something about what diabolical inventions physics and geometry are. That's Geis—the over-bubbling "Joe." Joe has much taste, but not for books. He is an active partaker in sport and endowed with great lung power.

Harsh and quarrelsome tones draw our attention to Baker and King. "is a

tractor more useful on a farm than a baby carriage?" That is the question at issue. King wins, and so does the baby carriage. Both are future thunderers of the oratorical platform.

Sock! Crash! Poor "Pat!" He is on the floor, is McKinnon, and towering above him is Thomas. It was only a friendly encounter, though, so calm your fears. Pat and Mike are both fine fellows, adepts of the pipe, and great pals.

"Be quiet!"—"I won't!"—"You will!"—"Try to make me," etc., etc. Only a friendly discussion on prohibition staged by Lenhard and Schmidt. Carl and "Skinny" are both popular. Between them they can play all games and even scratch a violin.

That's all. We trust your prejudices have disappeared and have been replaced by sympathy at least, if not by admiration.

Kenneth Serviss, '30.

CONSUMMATUM EST

Mute is High Heaven, its choral music hushed,
And all the hallowed choirs expectant lend
An eager ear, while from our earth ascends
The tolling of a solemn Angelus;
—A soulful echo of the primal prayer
And sacrifice of lowly Nazareth—
The saving words of immolation cease
And loud Hosannas greet the face of God.
A three-fold bond, forged in the fire of love,
—Purer than gold and more enduring—now binds
Your ardent soul unto the Master's own
Forever. Dearer e'en than Abraham's
Is the faith-offering you placed upon
The smoking altar, for it touches you
More nearly. The blood of Isaac was to flow
To prove the Aged Patriarch, but you
Have opened your own veins. The Crimson Tide
By your own hand was loosed. The will was yours.
But Christ, it was, high-raised upon the Tree,
Who gave the strength and sanctified the act.

To **Brother William Laflamme, S.J.**

Occasion of your last vows, Campion College,
Feast of the Purification,
Nineteen hundred and twenty-six.

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SECOND YEAR HIGH

Second Year High

ACCORDING to the dictionary, "chronic" means continuing for a long time, of long, persistent duration. When applied to a disease it means of long duration but of moderate severity. Since work is considered an ill we can safely write about the chronic labour of Second Year.

The annals of such an illustrious group of men of action would well fill up our Review, but the editors, cruelly impartial, have allotted a space no larger than that of Second Arts.

We have heard occasionally disparaging remarks about our year. Some, blinded by prejudice, or looking with jaundiced eye on our select gathering have used harsh words, but we, proud in our own conceit and relying on our great understandings, have refused to be removed from our cushioned thrones.

Let others mock and jeer because we "roll our own," but we sneer at gold tips and stand for democracy; ours is a noble race whose sun is rising in the West (we did pass in Geography) to shed its hazy beams like falling meteors upon a dormant people.

September, 1925, saw the dawn of our ultra-benevolent society. Now, as every organization needs a leader, James Mildenerger was chosen to guide our own. Democratic to a fault, believing in the right of free speech and action, he bore the burden nobly despite the efforts of an established government to crush and grind the masses in its mills. He was greatly aided by John Folk, modest and retiring, but capable of sustained effort. Truly a worthy assistant. Behind this terrific organization stood Anton Vogt. Zealous and untiring, he kept

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from the public eye; his sympathy, co-operation and knowledge of the affairs of the government were, no doubt, of paramount importance. We might say more but our poor words would only mar so glorious a patriot.

While these men were pre-eminent in the plan to make democracy safe for the world, there were still others giving up friends and home for so worthy a cause. Who has not heard of Gaspers, tall and stately, a promising commander in the People's Army? For this position he quitted Vanguard where the composite insignia of mayor, policeman and fireman might have been hung around his neck. Why did Mayer leave his happy abode and sobbing frau? Because when love and duty met the latter conquered in his swelling breast. No less a help was Geis who faithfully kept the door at all our assemblies lest the enemy might enter. (Negative purpose but positive result.) And Willie Schnurr, fair and slight, with Winkler, who, it is rumoured, had friends at court, resisted most painfully every malefactor and misanthropist and intruder, suffering greatly at times that the common good might ensue. Estok, accompanied by Howard and Strickland on their Siberian uke-banguitars, yodelled his way to fame through the virile melodies of the New Republic. Last, but not least, in the group of famous men comes Mainil. Like the Hector of old, a hero deserving to be crowned. (Use the Gerundive or a hammer.)

Among the citizens of the Commonwealth are numbered the Murphy brothers of passive resistance. Roy, Kommes and Herbert, designers and models of

correct apparel and cosmetics for the use of the Jacquerie; Letourneau, Minister of Railways—the C.N. say he used their patent for signal lights; Haran, mild and lovable, chosen to take the part of Mary's pet lamb in "Mother Goof;" Walsh the inventor of a feeding-bottle for rebellious babies; Keenan and Dube good as to their fists.

Sympathetic but less aggressive were d'Aoust, Sieur de Moose Jaw, with all the courtly graces and winning ways of his ancestors; Doyle, from sunny Alberta, chauffeur to President Mildenberger; Hoeschen, keeper of the Treasure and Seals (Millbanks, papers, etc.); La Croix, ambassador to Italy and Argentina, official representative at afternoon teas; McNeill, piper extraordinary to His Excellency; Jerome Murphy, special envoy to the Peace Conference; Walliser, legal adviser, Chief Justice—the power behind the throne; McGillis, advertising manager and purchasing agent.

Just as we go to press the Supreme Council has met to discuss the following points:

1. Tobacco to be included with board and tuition.
2. Class at least once a week.
3. Relief work in the East.
4. No Jug (jug is democratic for detention).
5. If possible the abolishing of all intellectual labour.

By the gods of war, may success attend their efforts and fortune smile on them now and forever.

Herbert Tareyton.

THE PINE TREE

(From the German of Heine)

On the summit bare and bleak
Of a distant northern peak,
Stiff and stark a pine tree stands,
Dreaming 'neath its icy bands

Of a palm tree tall and lone,
In a far-off Eastern zone,
On a burning sandy reef,
Brooding e'er in voiceless grief.

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FIRST YEAR HIGH

First Year

IN the beautiful city of Regina, in the year 1925, assembled at Campion College the future men of Canada. The child of today is the man of tomorrow. Therefore Canada looks forward to the day when the boys of First Year take their places in guiding the destiny of our great Dominion.

Let us imagine it is twenty-five years from now and we see in our mind's eye the former pupils of First Year. Up north, on the banks of the Saskatchewan, is a beautiful city known as Saskatoon. Suddenly a familiar figure looms into view dressed a la mode. Curly locks peeping from under an English cap tell us it is Crawley, who has inherited millions and now owns half of the city, including the rink.

As he is still interested in sports we go to the ball-field where Strickland,

the Babe Ruth of the West, does marvelous work with the bat. Of course he uses his weight occasionally. The game over, we step into a speedster belonging to Eisler, and are soon in sunny Alberta where the mountains tower overhead. What is the mountain to our right? Suddenly it moves towards us and we discover Thompson, the owner of countless mines in Coalspur. Coming back through Calgary we drop into the courthouse. Sitting behind the Judge's bench, with only his head showing, is a man whose face is quite familiar. He raps for order and his voice reveals his identity. He is Kenny. The first case comes up. A young boy is accused of assaulting a teacher. In a loud, masterful voice the Judge dismisses the case, despite the eloquent pleading of Kildea, counsel for the defence. Captain McKevitt, who

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brought the prisoner from Lethbridge, was an outstanding figure at the trial.

Back in Saskatchewan we stop at Milestone and find one very busy man. Big and muscular, Martin bears the burdens of many high positions.

And now our vision shifts to the vast republic south of us. In Washington, President McCusker is discussing a very serious matter with his assistant, Curran, why schools should be abolished and all teachers guillotined. Just then a party comes to interview Mr. President. Langlois, interpreter at the White House; Hagel, ambassador to Germany and Alberta; Main, attache at the British Embassy. They all have tales of woe about their school days and wish to save their children from torture. Needless to say the President greets them

warmly, and has his butler Corrigan serve afternoon tea, don't you know.

But we must get back to our beloved province. Right in Regina, Killorin owns the largest store and hotel and is agent for the Willys Knight; Coolican is chief of police; Burns, Premier of Saskatchewan; Gotselig, cartoonist for the daily papers; Echerlowski is principal of the Collegiate; Thurmeier and O'Byrne are ably assisting him; Rogaski and Magasheggi are in business together and their names are known throughout Canada; Dombowski is Minister of Finance.

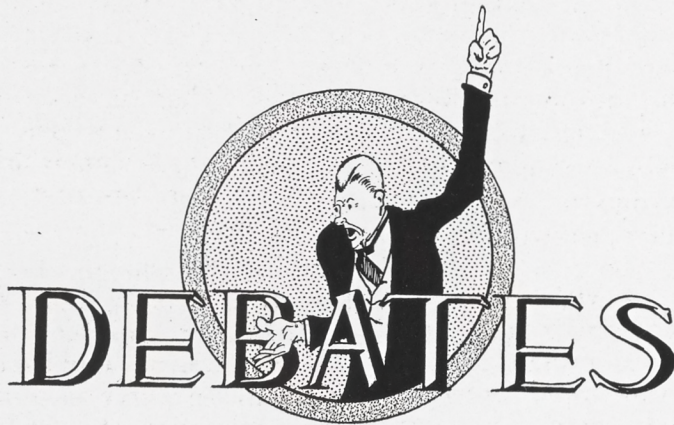
Are we drawing aside the curtain too soon? Who knows? But we do hope that all will succeed and be factors in this land of peace, our own great country, Canada.

J. Hourigan, '32.



THE ORCHESTRA

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A student who at the close of his college course is yet unable to speak in public can scarcely be said to have received a complete education. No matter what his worth and accomplishments in other respects may be, if he cannot express his thoughts before an audience in a clear and forceful manner, he has in some measure failed to reach the goal which his educators set for him. The student of today is the leader of tomorrow. Whatever walk in life he may choose, whether he be a lawyer or a clergyman, whether he belong to the business or to the professional world, his place must be to the fore. It will be his duty to aid in the direction of public thought and of public action. Now, to accomplish this, there are few more effective means than public speaking. That "the pen is mightier than the sword, while the spoken word is sometimes mightier than both" is an old saying the truth of which is admitted by all.

That every boy may acquire facility of speech and thus possess a valuable means of wielding a beneficent influence over the thoughts and deeds of his fellow-men in later life, is, therefore, the purpose of the Campion Literary and Debating Society.

The first meeting was held on October 18th, when the following officers were elected:

President: Mr. David Fraser.

Vice President: Joseph Beauchamp.

Secretary Treasurer: Francis Gingras.

Censors: Adam Giesinger, Gerald Richard, Frederick Seiferling.

After a successful term their places were occupied by Joseph Beauchamp, James Carr, Francis Gingras, James Tomecko, Joseph Uebell and Gerald Richard, who ably carried on the work of their predecessors.

The various topics under discussion during the year embraced a wide field of subjects, such as the completion of the Hudson Bay Railway, the advantages of Canada's remaining within the British Empire, the Yellow Peril, and the utility of Latin. Upon one occasion, while the pros and cons of tobacco smoking were being discussed, two of the orators showed a sense of the dramatic, when they produced concrete evidence in the shape of a pipe and a tin of tobacco, which they brandished aloft at the psychological moment.

After each debate the floor was thrown open for a general discussion of the subject, and every encouragement was given to those who wished to voice their opinions on the matter. This produced the most gratifying results. The audience took greater interest in the debates and often these impromptu speeches were characterized by earnest, even heated

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arguments which won great applause from the listeners. When not carried to extremes, this practice of extempore speaking accustoms the youthful orator to rely less entirely upon his memory and to attend more to the arguments themselves than to the written words by which he has previously developed them.

Congratulations are due to a number of the members who have shown marked improvement during the year. Their speeches were delivered with more ease and their style was more elegant and refined. They did not cringe or halt when on the platform, but forcefully drove their arguments home in clear, distinct voices, while their tones expressed the whole gamut of emotions, from touching pathos to passionate outbursts of righteous indignation.

Others whose eloquence is as yet far from Ciceronian may nevertheless be content with their year in the Debating Society. They have at least passed the first stage in the formation of a public speaker. They have summed up courage sufficient to speak before an audience. For debating is somewhat like swimming in cold water; the first plunge is always the hardest.

It is the sincere hope of Campion Debating Society that all its members will perfect themselves more and more in the art of oratory and that each successive year will see a greater number of students who are anxious to profit by the opportunities it affords.

George Runge, '29.



OFFICERS OF THE DEBATING SOCIETY

How Caesar Missed His Station

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! The bell clangs its awakening knell throughout the dormitory. Along the rows of beds sleepy heads stir and struggle, loath to part from the embrace of Morpheus. But in one corner an altogether unlooked-for incident is taking place. The usually somnolent "Caesar" jumps from his bed as soon as the lights are turned on. Caesar! Of all persons! Caesar actually rising without his extra forty-two winks. There must be something wrong.

He hurries to the basins and washes with a vigor that bids fair to leave him no face at all. With quick, nervous, eager gestures, he polishes his shoes till they shine like glass, he brushes his clothes, straightens his tie, and hops around like the proverbial hen on a hot griddle. Nor is this all. Whatever he does, he does it with a smile. He smiles at his nearest neighbor, he smiles at the prefect, he smiles at himself in the mirror. Whoever saw Julian smile when making his bed? Suspicions arise. Can it be that he has partaken of

"the cup that clears

Today of past regrets and future tears"?

At last the situation dawns upon us. Today is December the nineteenth, the day on which the Christmas holidays begin, and Caesar is leaving for home this morning. But by this time, the cause of our amazement has taken up his grip and has left the dormitory.

Let us follow this extraordinary youth with the historical nickname. He arrives in the recreation hall, puts on his cap, takes up his grip, and with a last look around him, he plunges out into a raging blizzard. Alas for our hero! In his excitement, he has forgotten his gloves and overcoat, and the thermometer registers twenty below. Back to the hall he rushes, swiftly dons his outer garments and departs again into the storm.

The walk to the car line is cold and long. But no biting gusts of wind, no driving clouds of snow, not even the sight of the "Toonerville" just disappearing in the swirling white before him, no, not even the twenty minutes' wait for the next car, nothing can chill the happy smile on Caesar's face. At last that smile is broadened by the "clang! clang!" of another car. Hastily he climbs on board. The minutes pass. Julian nervously consults his watch. Still the car does not move. More minutes pass.

"You don't seem in any particular hurry," finally remarks Julian to the conductor, who is wrestling with the stove in the corner.

"Say, who's running this car, anyway?" retorts that official.

"You should be. Why don't you?"

"Well, if you know more about this car than I do, then go ahead and run it."

Caesar, silenced but not convinced, consults his watch once more and heaves a heavy sigh. Moved to compassion, the conductor twirls the rheostat handle and soon they are speeding toward the city.

Our hero reaches the station and, murmuring apprehensively "Tell me not in mournful numbers," he goes over to read the bulletin board.

Train 127, C.P.R., 4 hours late. Cause: wreck.

Train 6, Soo Line, 2 hours late. Cause: snow bound.

Train 13, C.N.R., on time. Cause: unknown.

The last named train is the one that is to be honored with our hero's presence. There is just time to catch it, so ticket in hand, Julian hastens out to the platform where stands that means of locomotion which he was wont to call "choo-choo" before his college education commenced. For a moment he gazes in profound admiration at the "iron horse"

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and then boards the train. Here he meets three of his friends, whose cheery greeting rings out above the click-click of the now revolving wheels.

Excited by the trip, his imagination fired by thoughts of home and the happy days to come, Julian gives a lead to the conversation. He waxes eloquent and begins to philosophise upon a topic well known to sages and scientists: "Is there a Santa Claus?"

"The majority of people," he begins, "do not believe in Santa Claus. And why, my friends, I ask you, why have these people no faith in this benevolent gentleman? It is because they are leading wicked lives, lives of crime and intemperance, and Santa Claus will have nothing to do with such persons. So, they do not believe in him. I warrant you that if they mend their ways, they will be rewarded this Christmas by a visit from the ruddy philanthropist from the Land of the Midnight Sun.

"How do I know that such a person exists? A very good question, gentlemen. One that manifests your comprehension of the subject under discussion. Well, I'll tell you, but let it be a secret between us four. I have been one of the fortunate ones. I have seen this red-robed, white whiskered old gentleman. Yes, I actually saw him once standing in front of a departmental store * * *."

Thus he runs on for a long time, until at last he happens to glance out of the window.

"Why, there's Cy Perkin's Barn! That's five miles past my station!"

Consulting a time-table, he sees the words, "Subject to change without notice." A perplexed wrinkle puckers his brow. "They must have changed the line since last September. I wonder where the deuce they put our place.

Conductor! Hey! Conductor! Where are we?"

"On the train," is the laconic reply.

"When do we get to Ituna?"

"To-morrow morning, coming back."

"Do you mean to say that we've left it?"

"Sure. You didn't think we'd take it with us, did you?"

"But I didn't see it."

"I wouldn't doubt it. There isn't much to see, so you didn't miss anything"

"But I was supposed to get off there!"

"Well, why didn't you?"

"I didn't know we were there."

"Humph! You'd better get off at this station before you forget where you're going."

Let us conjure up one last scene before we draw a veil over our hero's discomfiture. Trudging along through the deep snow, with bowed head and dejected countenance, pausing only to shift his heavy grip from one hand to the other and to gaze mournfully at the bleak, white fields on either side, a youth with a look of premature age upon his features, slowly approaches, passes by and gradually disappears in the distance.

Can this be Julian? Can this be the carefree lad who danced about the dormitory so merrily this morning? Alas! Gone are the smiles of a few short hours ago. Gone are the quick and lithesome movements of the happy youth we saw leaving Campion. For, alack and alas! Ituna is still twelve long miles away.

*"Prudens futuri temporis exitum
caliginosa nocte premit deus."*

Providence enshrouds in darkest night the issues of the time to come, and we never know in the morning what is going to happen before nightfall.

Gerald Richard, '29.

DRAMATICS



Sylvester: "Hello! Hello! Police! Murder!"
"THE HOUSE OF QUIET"

"The stage is altogether the best training-school for either the pulpit or the rostrum," once remarked a great French orator. The advantages of amateur dramatics as a preparation for public speaking must be patent to all. To say nothing of the resultant improvement in all phases of delivery, nowhere will a student learn more readily to cast off his self-consciousness than behind the footlights, where he is forced to shed his own personality in order to assume, in his words and actions, even in his thoughts and emotions, the personality of the character whom he represents. Amateur theatricals are therefore a valuable complement to the debating society and as such, they are strongly recommended by the "Ratio Studiorum," which forms the basis of the educational system in Jesuit colleges.

On October 31st, an entertainment was given in the college auditorium to celebrate after the time-honored custom of Hallowe'en.

Mark Twain's "Interview" provided the audience with an amusing quarter of an hour, when J. Bergl vainly endeavored to obtain a satisfactory interview with Mark Twain, a part played by J. Hoeschen.

After some songs and music, came the comedy, "The House of Quiet." However, it was anything but quiet, thanks to Roger Haran, a piano teacher with no knowledge of music, to B. White, a young lawyer preparing his maiden speech, and to G. Richard, who evidently realized that his voice needed considerable training. Things went from bad to worse when Sylvester Sobbe arrived on the scene in quest of music lessons. J. Hoeschen, our versatile artist, who has already appeared in characters ranging from a wide-eyed negro to an irate old millionaire with the gout, was at his best in the part of the timid Sylvester. His conversation with central and with the police over the telephone was particularly laugh compelling. Very comical, too, was the plight of H. Hengen, in his role



Plainclothesman: "Hold your tongue! . . . What's your name?"
"THE HOUSE OF QUIET"

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as an old gentleman who, retired from business and in search of peaceful lodgings, had rented a flat in the House of Quiet, only to find himself in the midst of confusion, distracted by the uproar in the flat above, and finally accused of a murder that had never been committed. The majesty of the law was upheld by the plainclothesman, G. Grad, who would brook not the slightest nonsense from anyone. More music and songs, followed by moving pictures, completed the evening's entertainment.

On April 24th, the feast of St. George, some of the students again appeared on the stage. A. Vogt gave a recitation, to the great enjoyment of the listeners. Then followed a selection from "Twelfth Night." V. Draftenza, as Sir Toby Belch, was a revelation to the audience, while J. Beauchamp and T. Walsh interpreted the parts of Aguecheek and Viola,

G. Richard supporting them in the character of Fabian. The duel scene, especially, though short and bloodless, was dramatic and exciting.

On other occasions, too, such as Philosophers' Day and when Brother Laflamme took his final vows, the boys assembled in the auditorium to make merry with songs, declamations, music and movies. During the year, the students attended plays given by the Cathedral Dramatic Club, where musical numbers were rendered by members of Campion College Orchestra.

Campion boys are convinced of the value of dramatics as an education as well as a recreation, and it is their ambition next year to present the public of Regina with plays of a more elaborate character than what they have so far attempted.

James Carr, '30.



Scenes from "TWELFTH NIGHT"

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Jim and Judy

—or—

**Two little boys, two pairs of skates,
A hole in the ice, and * * * ! ? ! !**

It was a beautiful Sunday morning in the first week of November of the year nineteen hundred and twenty-five. From over the horizon the sun took a peep at the fair city of Regina. Evidently pleased with what it saw, it took another peep, and then mounted upwards in a clear blue sky till it bathed in a golden glory the crystal surface of Wascana the Beautiful.

Now, it may seem peculiar for the sun thus to bathe Wascana, for the Wascana we mean is a lake, despite all that has been said to the contrary, and lakes are more used to bathing people than to being bathed themselves. However, on this particular day, bathers would have had to use a pickaxe before performing their ablutions, for our lake had recently been covered with a coat of clear smooth ice. So we say that it was bathed in a flood of golden sunlight on this bright November morning.

At Campion the talk was all of skating, and many were the students who decided

“All shod with steel,
To hiss along the polished ice.”

Among the most eager enthusiasts were two youths who responded to the delightful cognomens of “Jim” and “Judy.” Both were the proud possessors of new skates and both burned to disport themselves upon them before another day had passed. Judy brought out his pair and proudly exhibited them to his friends, while Jim fingered the edges of his own skates with the critical, knowing look of a connoisseur.

The morning dragged on with intolerable slowness. In chapel our friends suffered cruelly from distractions. Throughout the entire study hour which followed, they were so hard put to it

finding ways to kill time that as a consequence they were both kept busy. At dinner their nervous tension reached its height. When the soup was placed on the table, Judy stared at it long and hard, and finally asked his neighbor if he thought it would hold him. Apparently the tureen had assumed in his fervid brain the proportions of Lake Wascana itself. Jim, with a far-away look in his eyes, absent-mindedly undertook to eat his fork with a piece of meat.

At last the hour of freedom came. Foremost in the throng that poured through Campion’s open doors, were Jim and Judy. With long, impatient strides, they hurried to the lake shore by the shortest way they could find. Then, seated beneath an evergreen tree, they donned their shining skates and with elaborate precautions made their way to the ice.

It soon became evident that if the skates were fresh from the maker’s hands, there was also a certain air of unaccustomedness about the skaters, too. They would indeed imitate the long, graceful strokes of others passing by, but their efforts were frequently interrupted by gyrations most startling to behold.

At first, they proceeded alongside the shore in order to display their new skates to the crowd that had gathered there. But the spectators were unmoved, at times even disrespectful. So our heroes withdrew to a less frequented part and there they decided to have a race.

Our sporting editor will regret to his dying day that he was not there to see that race. What pages of impassioned description would he not have written

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on how Jim passed Judy, only to be immediately overtaken by him, how Judy slackened his speed and was again outstripped by Jim. Then they were neck and neck as they rushed on towards the centre of the lake.

But there was another racer, speedier than both, who swept by and waited for them farther on. Fate was the racer's name, and he waited at a spot where the ice was weakest. Dozens had passed over that spot since morning, but they, slight of build and graceful of movement, had gone by without mishap. Far different were the rocking, swaying masses that now approached. For, in spite of the somewhat misleading subtitle at the beginning of this tale, both Jim and Judy were far from little. Broad of chest and sturdy of limb, their strongly moulded frames had attracted many an admiring gaze. But now, alas, there were none to admire, none to utter a warning cry to turn them from the path of danger.

Suddenly, an ominous crackling was heard, a cry rent the air, a splash, a gurgling sound, a few bubbles, and all was still. Then, upon the surface two dark objects appeared, like two marine monsters risen from the slimy depths to breathe their fill. Such shouting and splashing ensued as never before were heard on Lake Wascana. It was our heroes, clinging to the cold and polished edges of the ice. Their features betrayed mingled emotions of still lingering surprise, of anxiety and of profound discontent. For, to say nothing of the uncomfortable circumstances into which they themselves had suddenly been plunged, their bright new skates no longer shone upon a dazzled world. Six feet down in the cold, dark waters, they could do no more than startle a few lone

fishes. *Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas*—Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity!

Soon assistance came, and strong, willing hands were outstretched to drag our heroes to safety. Others came forward with advice and sympathy, and one gentleman, more practical than the rest, offered to take them back to college in his car.

* * *

"It's a jack-pot, isn't it?" "No, it's queens or better."—Seated near a radiator in the library with two chums to keep them company, Jim and Judy heave a sigh of relief and scan once more the cards they are holding, while in a little pool of water that has formed near their locker, two pairs of skates lie neglected and forgotten. There we leave them, the players with their cards and the skates in their puddle, all of them teaching how true it is that a little water may be an excellent thing, but that too much of it may chill and dampen the warmest enthusiasm.

John Mildenberger, '29.



Two Serious Cases

THE CHAMPION

SPORTS

Rugby

Senior Team

Manager, Michael Leboldus.
Captain, Sinnott Macdonald.

Junior Team

Manager and Captain, Thomas Walsh.

Frequent spells of very unfavorable weather kept our team off the gridiron a great part of the time last Autumn, and in consequence, we had to forego more than one promising game. Nevertheless, the rugby season of 1925-26 proved to every one's satisfaction that the college squad was up to the standard

set by past years. Only three games were played during the whole season, but each of these resulted in a victory for Champion.

The first was played with Regina College on October 20th, when our boys came home with a 10-1 victory to their credit. About a month later, on Novem-



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

G. Richard, F.W.; F. Runge, L.H.B.; F. Seiferling, L.O.W.; K. Zurowski, L.H.B.; J. Lee, Q.; G. Grad, L.M.W.; O. Kritzwiser, R.H.B.;
E. Jodoin, L.I.W.; S. Macdonald, Captain, R.O.W.; V. Draftenza, R.H.B.; J. Murphy, R.I.W.; J. Tomecko, L.I.W.;
L. Kusch, R.H.B.; M. Leboldus, F.B.; J. Hoeschen, R.M.W.; H. Hengen, C.

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ber 12th, came our second match with Regina College. This time, the victory was even more decisive, the final score being 18-0. Both games between Regina College and Campion were hard fought ones despite the unequal scoring. On both sides, the "college spirit" undoubtedly made many a man forget a bruise or a sprain for the time being.

On November 19th, a game was played with the Central Collegiate which gave our men the opportunity they had been waiting for to show their true mettle. The teams were very well matched, and the game was certainly the closest one of the season. The following is an account of the match taken from the *Regina Leader*,

"What is believed to be the last game of the inter-collegiate series ended disastrously for the collegiate yesterday. The Campion College boys were victorious by a score of 5-3 when the teams played each other for the first time on the Regina College grounds.

"Play was fast and furious, but it was a remarkably clean game and both squads are undoubtedly a credit to their respective schools.

"It was unfortunate that darkness descended too early. The last two quarters were played in semi-darkness. Campion taking advantage of a fumble, scored a touch, Hoeschen carrying the ball across the line. Up to that time the

R.C.I. boys had a slight edge and it looked like another win for them.

"There were no individual stars, nor were there any spectacular plays, but the onlookers saw some fine team-work on both sides."

The teams lined up as follows:

Central—Line: Haberman, Dodge, Rawley, Williams, Bigelow, Carpenter, Renwick; Backs: Kohlruss, Shaw, Shank, (Q.) Mitchell, (F.W.) Taylor.

Campion—Line: Seiferling, Grad, Zurowski, Hengen, Murphy, Tomecko, Macdonald. Backs: Hoeschen, Runge, Kusch, (Q.) Lee, (F.W.) Richard.

Because of the few occasions when the ground was fit for playing, we were unable to arrange for a game with the Normal School this year.

Among the outstanding players of the season may be mentioned Macdonald, our captain for the past two years, Leboldus, Runge and Hoeschen. Besides, Campion was lucky enough to have in her line-up Orville Kritzwiser, known in Western Sporting Circles as the right half of the Junior "Pats," the champions of Western Canada Junior Rugby. While playing on our team, he also served as coach, and his many valuable hints were no doubt responsible for much of the success of our team.

Herman Hengen, '27.



THE CHAMPION

Hockey

Senior Team

Manager, John Lee.
Captain, Sinnott Macdonald.

Junior Team

Manager, Mr. D. Fraser.
Captain, Gerald Richard.



OST successful for Champion in inter-collegiate sports have been the years 1925 and 1926. Not only has our rugby team held its own against all opponents, but our hockey players have

even surpassed all their previous records. This year, out of a total of nine games, we won six, tied two, and lost but one. The secret of this splendid success lies in the determination and fighting courage of the players. Whatever the odds may have been, the boys stepped on the ice resolved to win. In all athletic encounters, Champion's motto has been, "Clean play at all times." We take great pride in congratulating the players for their spirit of sportsmanship and for the good will they have shown towards others in all their games.

It would be extremely difficult to pick out the best men on the team, when all played such consistently good hockey. Of the stars, we will say no more than that their playing was magnificent and in many cases decided the winning goal. It is to be hoped that the wearers of the Maroon and White in following seasons will strive to equal the success attained by the hockey team of this year.

Games

Jan. 20th vs. Regina College.

Our first encounter of the season resulted in a signal victory over Regina College. The game was fast from start to finish, and dazzling exhibitions of hockey were displayed by both teams. Stellar work on the part of defence men, Macdonald and Leboldus, together with the incessant back-checking of our forwards, was too much for the Collegians, and they soon became ineffective. The final score was 3-0.

Jan. 23rd vs. Normal

In a game full of brilliant rushes and clever stick-handling, Champion lowered Normal's colors to the tune of 7-1. The entire team played a fast, clean game, and had the edge of the play throughout.

Jan. 28th vs. "The Leader."

The game as a whole was slow, and was marred by heavy body-checking on both sides. "Mac" was the outstanding star of the game, with several goals to his credit. Champion came out on top with the score 12-4.

Jan. 30th vs. Wilcox.

In what was perhaps the hardest fought game of the season, the Champion sextette defeated the leaders of the Soo Line League. Fatigued by the trip down, the boys were not at their best in the first period and allowed three goals to pass. In the second and third periods, however, they showed their superiority and bagged seven goals to the two scored by their opponents, making the final result 7-5.

Feb. 4th vs. Qu'Appelle.

It was a big venture for our boys to attempt to measure their pace with that

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of the famous 16th Light Horse Team, who had been the talk of the season. Naturally they were rather timid and anxious when they first crossed sticks with their opponents. As the game progressed, however, it became obvious that the teams were evenly matched. The Qu'Appelle squad, determined to keep up their good reputation, played like demons, and at times entirely ignored the rules of hockey. The following is

To the officials of the Qu'Appelle team, as well as to their other Qu'Appelle friends, our boys extend their sincere thanks for the kindness shown them during their stay in Qu'Appelle.

Feb. 18th vs. Wilcox.

In a second encounter with Wilcox, we again showed our superiority by a 4-1 victory. The game was rather slow and ragged, broken here and there by



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

an account of the game taken from the "Regina Leader:"

"The Champion College sextette motor-ed to Qu'Appelle and played a 7-7 tie with the Light Horse entry in the junior league last night. It was a rough, hectic battle from start to finish, with the tying goal—scored by Qu'Appelle—awarded by Ref-eree Beauchamp over the goal judge's decision. Champion led 6-4 at the end of the second period, the first ending a 2-2 tie. Macdonald, Beauchamp, Leboldus and Kritzwiser bagged the Regina goals."

brilliant individual rushes and wizardlike stick-handling. At first, the Wilcox six set a fast clip and for some minutes had our boys puzzled. After piling up several goals, Champion settled down to a defen-sive game and allowed their adversaries only one tally.

Feb. 20th vs. 18th Battalion.

Excessive confidence on our part prov-ed our undoing in our battle with the soldiers, and we went down to our first and only defeat of the season. The

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Battalion's goalie evidently had a rabbit's foot tucked away under his pads, for time and time again Champion broke through the enemy's defence, but failed to score more than twice, while the opposing team shot the puck four times into our net. At the final gong the boys shuffled off the ice disappointed, yet determined to redeem their honor on some other day.

Feb. 25th vs. "The Leader."

Our first game with the printers proved an easy victory. Our second game was an even easier victory. The Leaderites were absolutely helpless in our hands

and were driven at times to resort to heavy body-checking, but all to no avail. The final score stood 9-0.

Feb. 27th vs. 18th Battalion.

A second match gave the boys a chance to make up for their defeat of the preceding week. The game, as the score indicates, was closely contested. The ice was somewhat slushy and as a result fast play was greatly impeded. Neither team seemed able to get away, and at the final whistle the score was one all.

Francis Gingras, '29.

Hockey Personnel

Sinnott Macdonald, (Capt.) — A great deal of the team's success this year was due to "Mac's" unstinted efforts. As captain, he fulfilled his office to perfection, and it was his heady defence-work that piloted his men to so many victories. On the ice, he exhibits a style of playing both free and majestic, yet fast and disconcerting to his adversaries. We feel certain that without "Mac's" services the team would be greatly weakened, and we hope that next year will see him still defending our colors.

Orville Kritzwiser,—"Kritz" came back from St. Boniface this year a full fledged hockey player. Much like "Mac" in his flashy play, he is one of Champion's mainstays in athletics. On the ice, he darts about from start to finish like greased lightning, and is always chasing after the rubber—when he hasn't it himself. At Qu'Appelle and Wilcox, it was Orville's stellar work that enabled the boys to make such a fine showing. Unfortunately our star centre-man is one of our graduates, and we shall be minus his splendid assistance next season.

Joseph Beauchamp,—In his second season with the Maroon and Whites, "Big Joe" set a fast clip and to the surprise of all, stepped into first place on

the forward line. From the face-off to the final gong, Joe puts forth his every effort to go the other side one better. He is well known for his ability to stick-handle, and his incessant back-checking is ever a menace to the opposing team. We hope that Joe's name will appear on Champion's line-up for many seasons to come.

Michael Leboldus,—Although "Mike" may not be ranked as one of our foremost hockey stars, he is one of those steady pluggers, so essential to a hockey team. His intelligent playing has contributed in no small degree to the success of Champion's sextette in the past few years. Alma Mater has good reason to be proud of her defence-man, and would feel his loss keenly.

John Hoeschen,—At first, John appeared to be a "rookie," but his snappy work throughout the season proved the contrary. He is one who can be depended upon by his team-mates, and who always puts every ounce of energy into the game. In every match, John displayed an ability both to shoot and to hang on to the puck which surprised every one. John has one more season to battle for Champion, and we feel sure that with more experience he will prove a bulwark for the team.

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Gerald Richard,—In the two years that “Ritchie,” our diminutive star from Moose Jaw, has been playing for the senior team, he has made a name for himself by his plucky work on all occasions. Gerald is always eager to step on the ice and give all he has for his team. We sincerely hope that Gerald will defend our banner for yet a few more seasons.

Jules Caouette,—Jules’s clever defensive play has been a great asset to the team. He is a speedy skater and, when necessary, can handle his stick with surprising dexterity. With experience

and practice, Jules is bound to become a star, for it is evident that behind his strenuous playing, there is a conviction which knows no alternative but success.

Francis Gingras,—For three years now, “Lefty” has been our star goal-keeper. He has a swift, sure hand and a steady eye. Many a bombardment from the enemy’s line he has met with a cool courage and skill that have helped to save the day. Every game he plays, he shows still greater dexterity in keeping the rubber out of his nets, and his friends predict that in another year’s time he will be one of the very best goalers that Champion has had.



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Intra-Mural Hockey

As the College has increased in age and size, the interest in hockey has steadily advanced. One great reason for this advancement in sports is the interest and rivalry which characterize all athletic contests between the classes. This spirit

of good-natured rivalry is evident in the intra-mural hockey games. It is surprising to note the keen interest that the smaller boys take in their league. All available spare time is spent in practice and training, each team having its allot-

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ted hour on the ice. Another notable fact is that in all games, the boys play like sportsmen, and any offender against the rules of hockey receives a severe reprimand at the hands of his own team-mates.

In spite of the unusually uncertain weather this year, the greater part of the scheduled games were played. Throughout the season, every match was closely contested and in the Junior League in particular, it was only after a hard struggle that the "Rosebuds" were victorious.

The Junior Teams lined up as follows:

Rosebuds		Maroons	
F. Walsh	Goal	J. Uebell	
J. Keenan	Defence	A. McGillis	
A. Murphy		D. Murphy	
Forwards			
L. Van Tighem		J. Martin	
B. Thompson		A. Vogt	
J. Folk		J. Hourigan	
M. Dube	Subs.	V. Howard	

Francis Gingras, '29.

Field Sports

AN event which occurred toward the close of May last year, after "The Campion" had gone to press, was a "track athletic meet" in connection with the Regina Boys' Fair. In this the college was invited to participate.

A number of the boys, both senior and junior, entered various events in their divisions; and while our whole number of entries was relatively small, the results obtained were highly creditable to the boys and to the College.

In the senior division, James Conlon won the second prize, a medal awarded for next to the highest number of points gained. He was prevented only by the slightest margin from winning the first. George Dill made himself famous by his run in the half mile, which he won in true championship form.

The junior division, too, did well, notably in the performances of "Tony" Vogt and Fred Walsh. Tony distinguished himself by carrying off the medal for the second highest number of points gained in his division. It was unfortunate that he did not take part in more events, as his remarkable athletic ability undoubtedly would have given him the first prize. Fred Walsh obtained third prize and at times pressed Tony very closely, but, as with Tony, Fred did not give himself chances enough. Other boys who did well were: Frank Runge, Francis Gingras and Joseph Geis.

Considering the size of our representation and the high class of athletes participating, our track team did more than creditably uphold our best athletic traditions.

Joseph Beauchamp, '29.



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Basketball

Senior Division: President, J. Tomecko; Team Captains: J. Carr, G. Grad, J. Tomecko.

Junior Division: President, W. McCusker; Team Captains, J. Uebell, F. Walsh, T. Walsh.



INDOOR sports, especially basket ball, were given much more prominence this year than in the past. The league games and the play-off were watched with great interest by both staff and students. In both junior and senior leagues there were three teams, those of the seniors being Grad's, Carr's and Tomecko's, while the junior teams were named the Wildcats, Bearcats and Tomcats.

In the senior league, Grad's team led from start to finish, losing only a very few games. Carr's men kept in second place, followed closely by Tomecko's. The high scorers in this group were Richard and the two Runge cousins.



TOMCATS, Junior Basketball Champions

The junior games proved exceptionally close and interesting. The Wildcats, captained by J. Uebell, led the race right up until the end, with the Tomcats close on their heels. The Bearcats, a much lighter team, were a little behind for this reason.

The junior play-off games turned out to be the season's feature. The first was hotly contested and rather rough at times, ending 12-9 in the Wildcats' favor. In the second, the Tomcats put forth all their energy and managed to cop 17 points to their opponents' 5. This gave the Tomcats the junior championship by a score of 26-17. T. Walsh, A. McGillis and J. Uebell were the highest scorers among the Juniors.

Thomas Walsh, '30.



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

THE CAMPION

Baseball

Junior Team

Manager, James Carr.
Captain, Gerald Richard.



With the coming of spring, baseball takes rank as the major sport at Campion. The present season was rather late in starting, but it takes more than that to discourage Campionites. As soon as the rink disappeared, every player was out practising, getting in trim for the season's grind and for the further spreading of Campion's baseball fame.

This year it is up to the junior team to maintain the reputation and prestige won by the seniors and juniors of previous years. Owing to the early departure of the higher grades, most of the senior team have already left us, and so a new team has had to be formed. But our players have already shown that Campion's honor is safe in their hands. On April 29th, they gave Regina College, old time rivals of the seniors, something to think about, by holding them to an 8-8 tie. In fact, it was only through good luck that our opponents were able to avoid defeat.

Since this first match, our men have entered the Junior City League. Every player is determined to do his best, and all affirm that they will be satisfied with nothing else than the League Championship. Whether their ambitions will be realized is for the future to decide, but in any event, every Campion boy is confident that our team will be a credit to their Alma Mater.

Juvenile Team

Manager, Leonard Corrigan.
Captain, Thomas Walsh.



As "The Campion" must shortly go to press, we can record only the first few league games.

Junior League Games

May 1st vs. Falcons.

The Campion Juniors made a brilliant start in their first game of the Junior City League, by defeating the Falcons 10-7. After the first two innings the Falcons didn't have much of a show, thanks to the splendid pitching of Carr, who fanned fifteen of the opposing batsmen. Jimmy received good support from the rest of the team, especially from the infield.

May 6th vs. Caps.

In this game, the college team showed that they were strong contestants for the league pennant. Every man played Class A baseball, and Jimmie's stellar pitching put the Caps down to a 5-3 defeat. It was an exciting game until the end. The Caps took the lead in the first inning by bagging an unearned run, while their pitchers kept our score at the zero mark. But after the third inning, the Campionites started business, bringing in two runs in the fourth. After that our men held the lead until the end.

May 11th vs. Red Sox.

Our boys took the Red Sox crew into camp by a score of 17-3. Campion was

THE CAMPION

as much superior to the opposing team as the score indicates. Yet it was a fairly good game, and a crowd of spectators were present. Carr was given a rest so as to be in shape for a more strenuous encounter to come two days later. Helfrick and Drahtenza formed the battery for the Red Sox fixture, receiving excellent support from both infield and outfield.

May 13th vs. Shamrocks.

With everything against them, from hard luck to the umpire, the Campion Juniors won their fourth straight by defeating the Shamrocks 6-5. It was a hard game, and every man tried his best, although at times a few ragged plays occurred. Carr fanned no less than sixteen of the wearers of Erin's emblem, while in the last inning with a man on third and two men out, he struck out their best batter, thus saving the day for Campion.

The next game the Campion Juniors are to play will be against the Pirates on May 18th, after "The Campion" has gone to press.

Juvenile Games

May 3rd vs. "Rags."

The Campion Juveniles played a lively game against Father Murray's "Rags" and severely trounced them 17-6. Our boys were never in any danger, holding the lead throughout. The college battery consisted of Vogt and Corrigan.

May 5th vs. "Rags."

Our juveniles made it two straight from the "Rags" by defeating them in this second game 10-8. A marked improvement was evident in Father Murray's team, and toward the end they seemed on the verge of winning out. The "Rags" lost a few opportunities of scoring by failing to touch the bases on long hits.

May 10th vs. Tigers.

Our team went down to an honorable defeat at the hands of the Tigers. Regardless of their markedly inferior size, the college boys made a brilliant showing and held the visitors down with a few scattered hits. The Tigers went four runs ahead in the fourth inning, making the score nine to five. When our boys came up for their last bats they were still four runs behind. This did not prevent them from bringing in three runs and making the score 9-8, but there it stayed. It was probably as close a game as the Tigers will play, even against teams their own size.

May 11th vs. "Rags."

Although the "Rags" brought a new pitcher for this third game with us, they were defeated as in the first two by the much less interesting score of 18-2. They are still optimistic and hope to severely defeat us in the near future.

The **Intra-Mural League** is in full swing. Although the older boys' section is composed of only two teams, it furnishes plenty of excitement for both players and spectators. Seiferling's team is in the lead, though Tomecko's men are leading them a merry dance.

Among the juveniles, Tom Walsh's team is at the head of the league. However, Vogt and Van Tighem are both making their teams give the very best that is in them.

John Helfrick, '29.

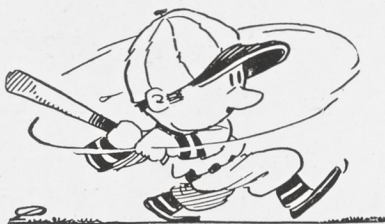


Resident Non-students

THE CHAMPION

Our Trip To Fort Qu'Appelle

WE came, we saw, we con that is, we did some conquering, anyhow, and if darkness had not come on so soon, if the Sports Committee had not decided that . . . well, never mind what would have happened.



Joe swings the bat with a mighty arm

Our first game was against the Argos. It was a remarkable game, and then again it wasn't. Were we to consider only the score, which was 0-0, we would be inclined to call it a very close game. If we take into account the fact that the Argos were still in Regina while we were at Fort Qu'Appelle, we must admit that it might have been much closer. This was our first victory—by default!

The Cubs were the next ones against whom we were called to match our skill. The Cubs were not in Regina. This made it necessary to expend a little more energy than in our first match, whereupon our opponents speedily discovered that we were not in Regina either, that we were at Fort Qu'Appelle, very much there in fact. With the crowd cheering for Champion, we carried off our second victory by a score of 12-5.

Some of our players were really spectacular at times. Joe Bergl, for instance, delayed the game for several minutes while we waited for a fly of his to come to earth again. The ball came within a foot or two of falling into the lake, for Joe swings the bat with a mighty arm. Mike Kartusch gave us a few hints on the art of sliding to third, very thrilling, but rather hard on his baseball suit, while Jimmy Carr was as usual the main cog in the Champion machine.

Our third game, which we were of course bound to win, was not played.



Mike slides to third

The Sports Committee came to the conclusion that it was too dark to finish the tournament, so we divided the first, second and third prizes with the two other teams that were still in the running with us.

By this time, the train had left for Regina. There was no room in the hotel, so we went back to the dressing room to sleep on the floor. We found this much more strenuous than playing baseball, but with a good deal of mental suggestion, we finally imagined we were back in our dormitory, but not for long. We were suddenly aroused by Joe,



Jimmy was the main cog

announcing to us in a stentorian voice, that the sun was rising and the roosters were crowing. Joe was mistaken, to say the least. It was the moon that he saw, for the time was two o'clock. An hour or so later, every one got up, tired of using the floor as a mattress and a pair of shoes as a pillow.

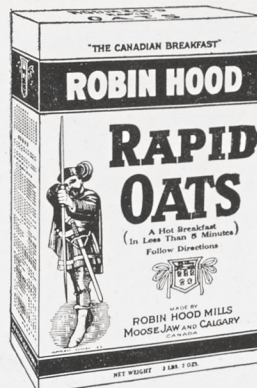
A plunge in the lake woke us up, and we began to consider ways and means of returning to Regina. A few lucky ones motored back, while the rest waited for the next train, reaching Champion tired, but happy. Thus ended our trip to Fort Qu'Appelle.

Victor Drahtenza, '29

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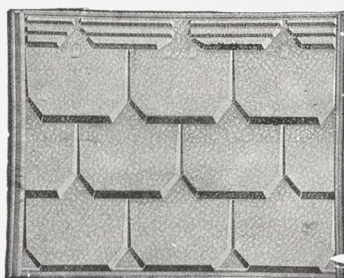
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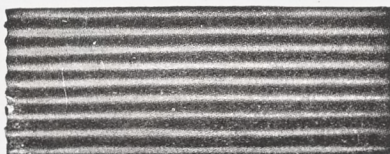
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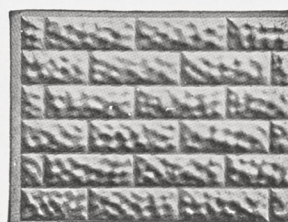
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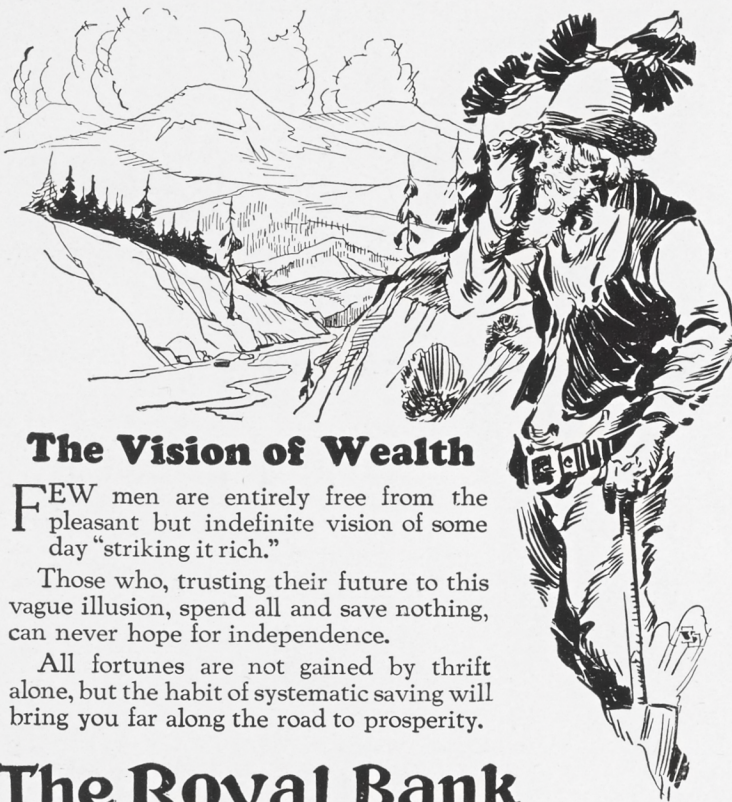
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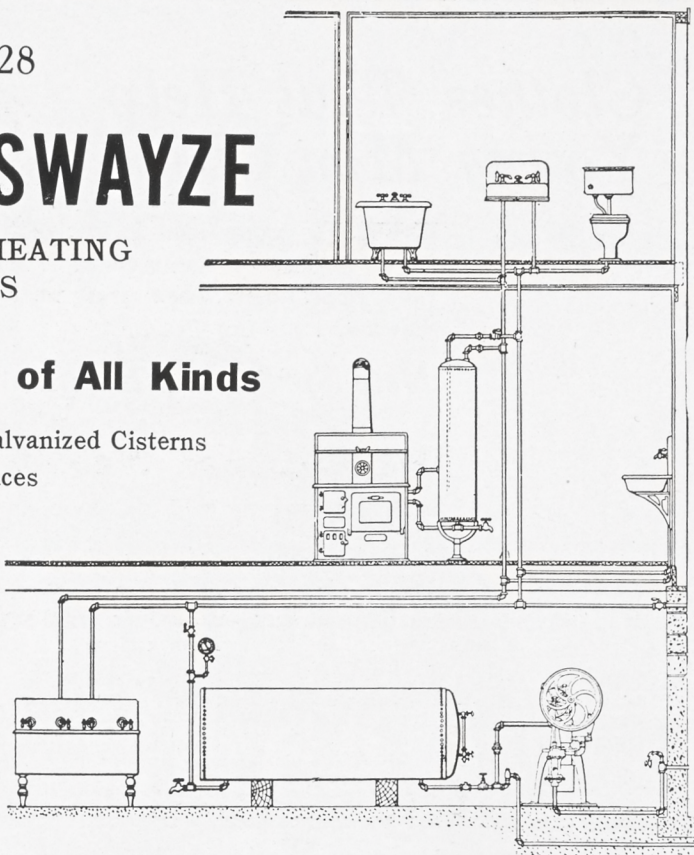
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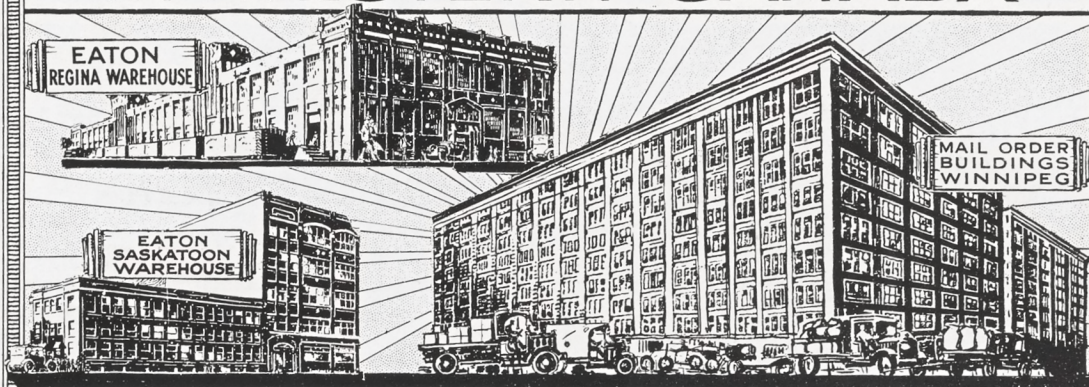
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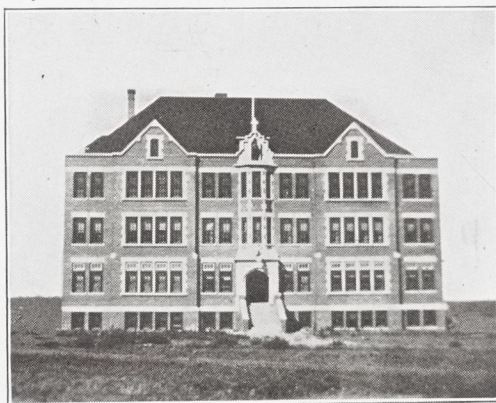
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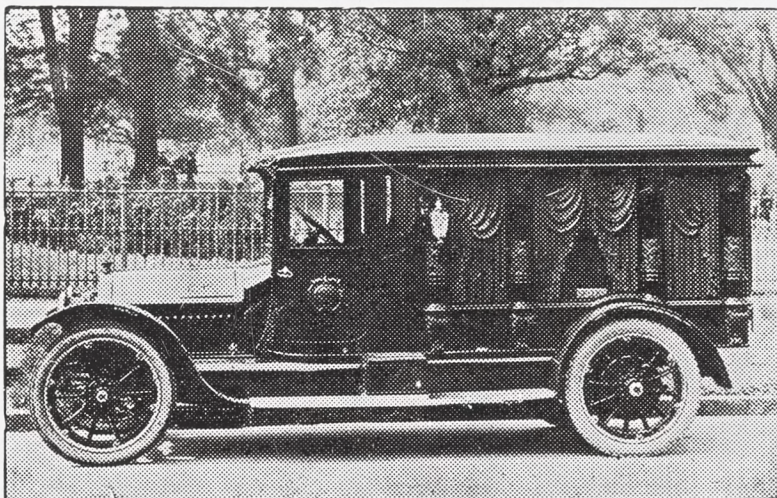
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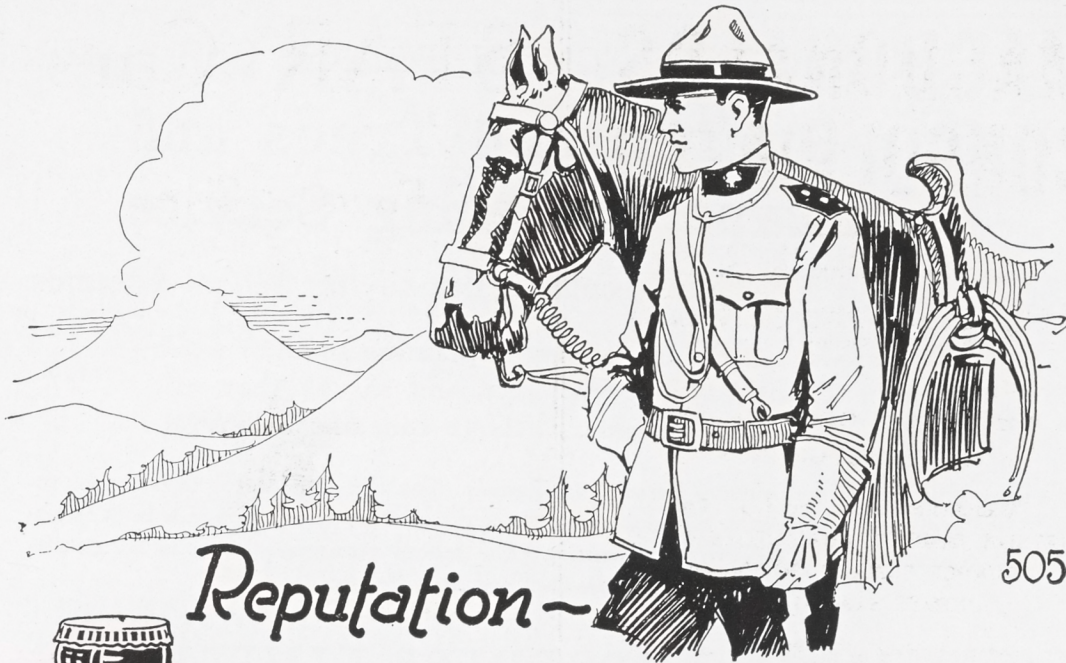
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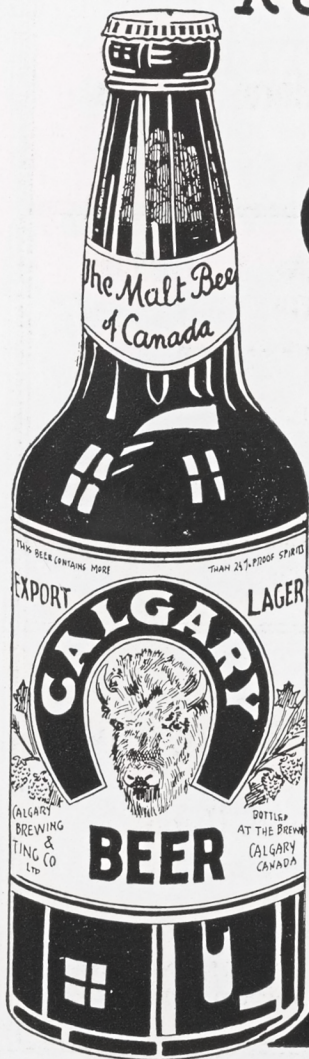
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